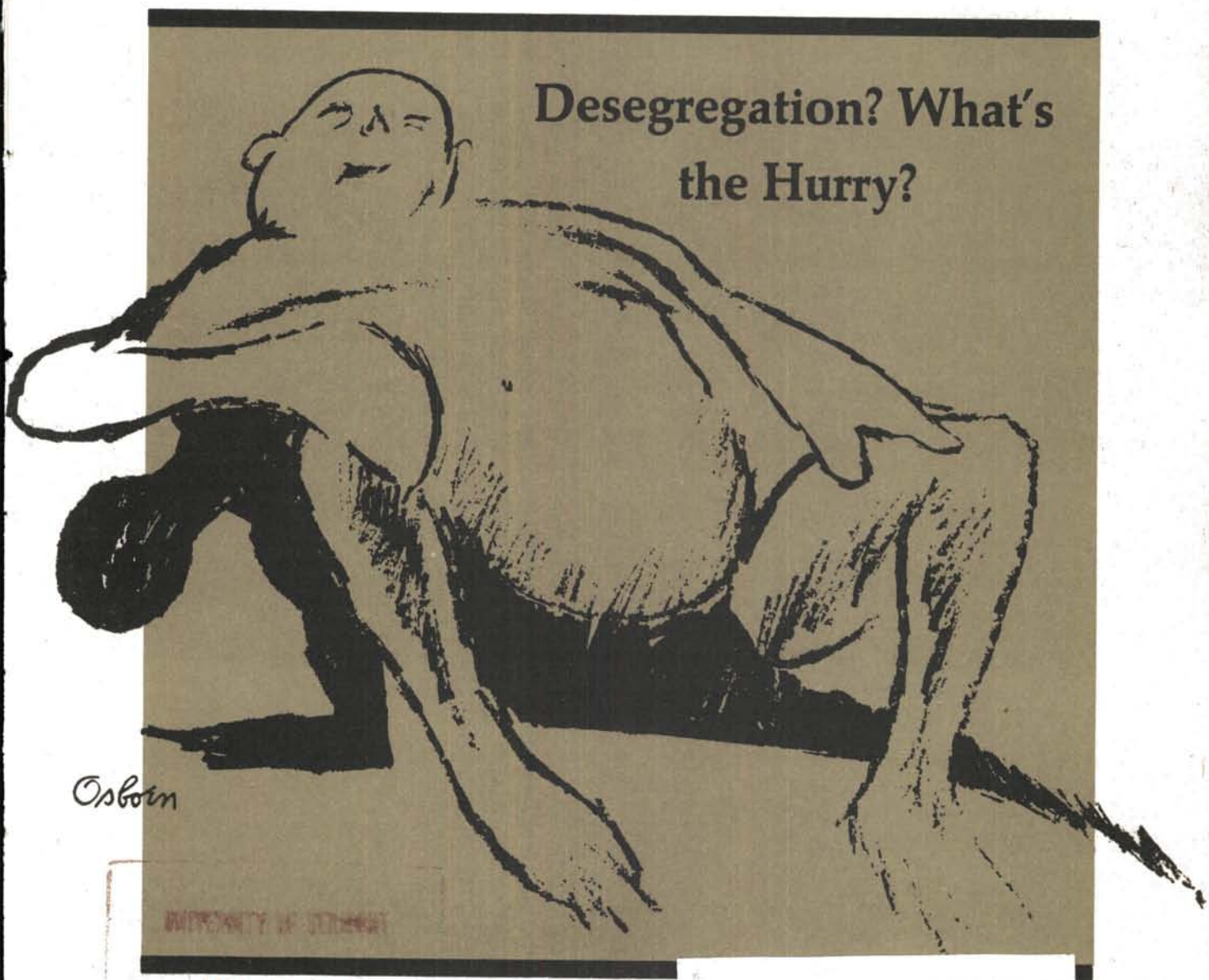
The State of Maryland *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 23, 1964, 35 cents



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T.R.B. *from Washington*

GOP Vote for LBJ

★ The Greeks used to have fine old battles in the *Odyssey* over the body of some fallen warrior and that's what the Republican factions are doing now over their party. Their 1964 election chances are just about dead, but it is still important to see which heir gets the corpse's armor.

A curiosity is that the Eastern GOP king-makers have pretty well abdicated. They don't like Barry but – if he gets the nomination – they will shrug. The secret is that a lot of them are going to vote for – hush! – LBJ. This may not endear LBJ to liberals, but it helps to explain how Barry has managed to come so far without being stopped. A lot of savvy Big Business executives and bankers say, Why worry? – we'll probably go along with Lyndon in any case.

Blind old Homer, however, wrote singing passages about these post mortem battles and today the nation watches, with excitement, to find out if Goldwater can make it. *Newsweek* has all but conceded. Personally, we have a notion they're going to gang up on Barry at the last moment, but it's only a hunch. *NYTimes*man Reston has put it neatly: No candidate in the century has got over 500 votes on the first ballot without getting the nomination; but, on the other hand, no convention in 30 years has failed to nominate the man who led in popularity at convention time. There you have it! Barry is a Croesus of delegates, a pauper of popularity polls. Fascinating, we call it.

We suggest there are two things to watch for now. Will the latent Nixon drive get off the ground? And will the one-two punch, in Oregon and California, put the stopper on Barry?

The only name on the Nebraska primary ballot was Goldwater's, and yet he got only about 50 percent of the total GOP votes cast. In an upward surge, Nixon got 30 percent by write-ins (Lodge only about half as many). We would say, Watch Nixon.

We don't have the Oregon returns as this is written but we expect Goldwater will get clobbered (as usual). So that leaves California, June 2, with no write-ins allowed and only two names on the GOP ballot, Goldwater and Rockefeller.

Nixon, who wants and expects to be Barry's relict if the latter falters, says he will have no part in a California Stop-Goldwater movement. Rockefeller invites all anti-Goldwater Republicans to rally around him. Will they do it? How can we psychoanalyze the Republican mind? But if they don't do it, Goldwater will get 86 Californian delegates and we'd guess that he would be in – and that the Republican Party would have the most divisive candidate in history.

Kissin' Cousins

★ There had to be a Sonny Moon, and he had to be 8½ years old, and he had to be in third grade in grammar school, and he had to send LBJ a telegram at Atlanta, Georgia, saying he "wanted to talk to the President," and of course the President had to call him up, and give it all out through George Reedy to the press right afterwards. For the rail strike it was Cathy May, seven, and for the Appalachian trip, Sonny Moon, and we see a long procession of darling juveniles skipping toward us in the horrid future, each more artless than the last, and all pleading with the President to keep the trains running so that their dear old grandmothers can see them take their first communion. Dear, dear, there must be some easier way to make a living!

Just the same, the two-day romp with the President through Appalachia last week, deploring poverty and promoting votes, was lots of fun. He got really astonishing crowds at Atlanta and it is hard to see how any Republican can take the South away from him, with an accent that gets more treacle-on-hominy grits with every jet mile into Dixie.

Mr. Johnson had a task to perform. He had to go into the South before the convention and put it on the line, to their faces, that he favored civil rights. He performed the operation flawlessly. The only important absentee was Senator Dick Russell and that was taken care of by 20-year-old Lynda who said that her heart had belonged to Georgia for many years, due to Senator Russell, "who helped raise me."

"Never heard a prettier 'you-all' speech in mah life!" said one grizzled state legislator, wiping his eye.

Harry Truman produced a cousin or at least an ancestor at every station on his famous whistle-stop trip in 1948, or if there were no relation handy it was pretty certain that "Grandpaw" had travelled through the area on his way to Oregon. We haven't really tested out Mr. Johnson nationally yet, but so far as the Southwest goes he seems to stem from an even more prolific ancestry than Harry. He readily produced a couple of kissin' cousins at Gainesville, for instance, and they sat on the platform.

The favorite sport in Washington these days is to try to analyze this remarkable man. Mr. Kennedy was afraid of over-exposing himself, but Mr. Johnson has no more heard of over-exposure than has a Texas dust storm. After the outdoor White House press conference the other day, at which wives and children were invited, one reporter observed that now he had seen everything. His friend thought for a minute and asked, "Has any President ever been shot from a cannon?"

Lynda Was Whupped

★ As the Presidential plane left one hectic stop on the Appalachia trip, Mr. Johnson asked his daughter if she were tired? Lynda Bird didn't hear and looked at her inquirer. "Are you *whupped?*" said her father. "Daddy, I've been whupped ever since we left Cumberland, Maryland," replied Lynda Bird.

Mr. Johnson's ferocious energy will whup most men. He gives every evidence of a sincere and almost evangelical belief in his war on poverty. Along with it go three passions: to be surrounded by people, to be talking to them, and to be in movement.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 150 Number 21 Issue 2583 May 23, 1964*
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 36, D. C. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $6.50. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address.* *Copyright© 1964 by Harrison-Blaine, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

You're the Guinea Pig

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The late Rachel Carson now has a modest monument in the bill stiffening control over pesticides that President Johnson signed last week. But the danger of silent springs endures so long as there are silent officials. The bill supplies more bite, but won't do much good if those concerned with enforcement don't even bark. It is now more than two months since the US Public Health Service first announced that minute quantities of the pesticide endrin caused millions of fish to die in the lower Mississippi River drainage basin. Since tiny amounts of the pesticide had been detected in the drinking water supplies of New Orleans and other cities along the Mississippi, and because fish products (particularly shrimp) taken from the river basin are widely marketed in the country, the potential danger to health was very much on everyone's mind at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Nobody really seems to know how much endrin it takes to kill human beings, but the pesticide is considered sufficiently toxic for the Food and Drug Administration to forbid interstate shipments of foodstuffs containing *any* detectable amount of it. Both the PHS and FDA, the two arms of HEW charged with protecting the public, therefore began more extensive investigations. The Agriculture Department, which licenses pesticides, also began hearings to determine whether endrin should be curtailed in its use or whether it ought to be banned from the market.

But results so far amount to shamefully little. First, the Public Health Service called together representatives from Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana for a conference at New Orleans. This is the first step in its regulatory powers, given it in the water pollution legislation. The PHS got the conferees to agree that endrin had indeed killed the fish, and that its sources must be located and immediately brought under control. The only sources any of them were prepared to name were the sewers outside a plant that manufactures endrin at Memphis. The PHS said the sewers, which eventually flow into the Mississippi, were full of endrin. Even so, the Memphis area accounted for only a third of all the endrin in the Mississippi. Where was the rest coming from? That mystery will, officials hope, yield in the coming months to the extraordinary powers of perception of the Service's astute scientific investigation squad. They won't have to be Sherlocks. The Public Health Service already has evidence (dating back to 1958, the first year endrin was widely used) which shows that in case after case, under normal agricultural usage,

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endrin sprayed on a field gets washed into the river by rains and kills the fish. Not only has the PHS published an itemization of these fish kills but it paraded a scientist at the conference who related chapter and verse on the subject. The PHS also had a special study in 1962 showing that endrin runs off fields into the river. One way to stop this is to take endrin off the market. But the Public Health Service apparently lacks the nerve to reach the simple conclusion dictated by the evidence it already has published.

Nor does it seem to know what to do about the immediate danger to public health. A large number of people living along the lower Mississippi and its tributaries exist on a staple diet of catfish, one of the types of fish infected. Dr. James M. Hundley, the Assistant Surgeon General, says such a diet under the present circumstances would be "most inadvisable." But the Service declared that there is no immediate health problem. Again, at the conference the Public Health Service said that small quantities of endrin in the water supplies of Vicksburg and New Orleans were a "matter of concern," but vaguely added: "While acute effects on humans of this pesticide in water have not been detected, the effects of continued ingestion of even these minute quantities must be evaluated."

Then there is the FDA. Mr. George Larrick, the Commissioner, discovered endrin in spot samples of fish. He found the pesticide in one interstate shipment of oysters. Instead of seizing this, as he is instructed to do under the law, he let it go to the cannery, where it will be processed and then sold. "There's no imminent health problem here," he declared. "We've found one shipment that has a little bit of endrin. I want to get a picture of what's going on here and work out a plan with industry to control the situation."

The results of the Agriculture Department hearings are not yet out, but officials there say they have no evidence that would necessitate removing endrin from the market. They add however that one reason they will not be taking endrin off the market is that the PHS refused to come out and openly state that endrin as now used presents a health hazard. They appear to have picked amidst the scientific data to find what is least discomfiting to the chemical industry. In effect, what all these people are saying is that, in the large experiments they are conducting to test endrin's toxic effects on man, we are their guinea pigs.

Reading Entrails

This spring's struggle – or more properly this year's flounder – for the Republican Presidential nomination may come with time to hold the same fond memory for those who cherish politics as a sport that the 1945 World Series has for those who cherish baseball. In the last year of World War II, the night before the Detroit Tigers and the Chicago Cubs faced each other in the first game in the World Series, a sports writer who surveyed them concluded: "I don't think either team can win." All the men in the Republican Presidential race are so variously disabled that the soundest judgment would seem to be that none of them can win the nomination. But one of them has to; and the political writers, in the melancholy desperation of their attempt to predict the unpredictable, seem to be settling on Senator Goldwater. The basis of this choice seems to be the common expectation that Goldwater will beat Governor Rockefeller in the June 2 California primary and, with that state's 82 votes, be too close to the 655 he will need to be stopped at the Republican convention.

But sports writers have long ago learned that it is much harder to predict the results of a contest between the weak than between the strong. Four-minute milers run to form; five-and-a-half minute milers vary wildly from one race to another. Senator Goldwater seems ahead of Governor Rockefeller in California but every poll indicates that nearly 30 percent of that state's potential voters still haven't made up their minds. Perhaps they never will, in which case Goldwater would win California. But a candidate who wins primaries less because of the number of persons who vote for him than because of the number of persons who prefer not to vote for anybody is hardly strong enough to be safe anywhere. Senator Goldwater has an impressive bundle of delegates, and his committed minority has all the passion. But even delegates to Republican conventions can hardly be immune to that apathy toward all the candidates which so plainly infects their rank-and-file. The results of apathy are unpredictable. The results of the Republican primaries, as an instance, so violate every rule that professionals have learned as to indicate that the rules are either nonsense or that apathy toward every contestant has made these primaries nonsense.

The professionals have always assumed that the candidate who goes into the primary with the support of a united state Republican organization has an insuperable advantage over any opponent not so fortified. An example of this rule as it applies to candidates equally sound of wind and limb is the Illinois primary of 1952. Taft was supported by the Illinois Republican organization in 1952, and the Eisenhower amateurs tried a write-in. Senator Taft beat General Eisenhower in Illinois 935,867 to 147,518. This year Illinois had a passionate Republican gubernatorial primary, in which both contestants were at least formally Goldwaterite, along with every visible party worker. So, Goldwater got 482,940 votes and Margaret Smith 197,566, while Ambassador Lodge got 52,548 write-ins and Mr. Nixon

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24,128. In 1952, Taft beat the most powerful vote-getter in his party's history by nearly 7-1; now Goldwater, Taft's successor, with even less organized opposition, can muster a bare 60 percent of the votes against an assemblage of rivals the sum of whose parts no one suggests adds up remotely to the whole of Eisenhower as a candidate. Worse, 250,000 fewer Republicans voted in 1964.

Senator Goldwater entered the Nebraska primary as the only candidate on the ballot and with most of the support of the state's Republican office-holders. He had all professional tradition on his side and he was the victim of the same melancholy violation of the rules as in Illinois. He got 49 percent of the vote after strong write-ins for Richard Nixon and Cabot Lodge. In 1952, Harold Stassen and an unknown lady named Mary Kenny were on the Nebraska ballot. Taft and Eisenhower beat them on write-ins; but poor Stassen got 53,000 votes against Taft's 79,000 and Eisenhower's 66,000, and even Miss Kenny got 10,000, a place on the ballot being worth that much against a candidate whose name the voters have to write in. If Goldwater had not had the advantage of his name on the ballot in Nebraska, the rule indicates he would have done even worse. Once again, fewer Republicans voted.

What scientific rules of observation we had must therefore be suspended for the work of augurs observing the flight of birds or, put another way, who reads the mind of Republican convention delegates in their party's present state is reading entrails, and ought to tell us so. MK

Sex, Tallahassee

Miami

The war to protect the people of Florida from the dangerous homosexuals who are alleged to lurk in the state's universities has taken a rather odd turn. The state Legislative Investigations Committee (more commonly know as the Johns Committee) put together a 52-page handbook on homosexuals in order further to alert the populace to the menace. But no sooner was it sent out than Richard Gerstein, state attorney general, banned the book's distribution in populous Dade County because he feared it might inspire more homosexuals than it inhibited. In one of the book's milder photographs, two naked men were observed kissing one another. Since Mr. Gerstein had acted so promptly in the past in regard to D. H. Lawrence and Henry Miller, he could scarcely be tardier in this instance. The Johns Committee obligingly withdrew the book from Dade County.

Two thousand books were printed at a cost of $720. The first thousand were sent off to legislators, newspapers and other "key" people, but anyone who sends the committee 25 cents can get one. Special rates can be obtained for quantities of 100 or more. Such is the book's fame that an envelope addressed only "Sex, Tallahassee" reached the proper destination.

The Johns Committee operates on a $150,000 annual appropriation, and boasts that it has caused 71 teaching certificates to be revoked because of homosexuality and that it has had 39 university professors fired for homosexual or Communist activities. Possibly the two deviations have become confused in the committee's collective mind. Robert H. Williams

Cannon's Successor

Amid their expressions of regret for the passing of House Appropriations Committee Chairman Clarence Cannon, White House staffers and House leaders audibly breathed sighs of relief. Cannon, no tolerator of humbug himself, would have accepted it as his due. At the tumultuous close of the 1962 session, he said "I have sat under 10 Speakers but I have never seen such biased and inept leadership." Cannon handled the huge Appropriations Committee with strict discipline for 23 years. Membership and chairmanships of its 14 powerful subcommittees were at his disposal. Cannon was responsible for Otto Passman, the Louisiana scourge of foreign aid.

Now he is succeeded under the arbitrary rule of seniority by a markedly different man, George H. Mahon, a tall, quiet Texas plainsman who has been chairman of the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee since 1949. Last year, the American Political Science Association gave him its Congressional Distinguished Service Award for "discharging with quiet distinction one of Congress's most difficult and important tasks." Because Mahon is reasonable and polite, because he is a Texan friendly with the President, and because he will not have the entrenched power that Cannon developed, the Administration and Speaker McCormack hope that they will be able to solve some of their more pressing problems with the Committee, not the least of which is Mr. Passman. But as Richard F. Fenno Jr. has pointed out in his study, *The House Appropriations Committee*, the Committee has developed over the years a "well-articulated and deeply-rooted consensus" on its purpose, and a set of governing traditions. One of these is the virtual autonomy of each subcommittee. Another is always to show a united front, hiding internal differences from "outsiders" in the House as well as from the public. Mahon is as conservative as Cannon was and is a product of the system. As chairman, he will have to deal cautiously with his subcommittee barons, and he is a cautious man by nature. Moreover,

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the Committee may be in need of its cohesiveness as never before. It is in the nature of the House to check the power of any group that grows too great. Appropriations subcommittee chairmen have earned the enmity of many of the legislative committees by attaching to their money bills provisions which sometimes contradict policy as laid down by the legislative committees. While Cannon was chairman, no one dared do anything about it. Now there are rumblings and muttered warnings that the Appropriations Committee might be broken up, as has occurred in the past, and its functions scattered among the legislative committees. These factors, real or imagined, may inhibit Mahon even if he has any ideas about reforming his inheritance.

ANDREW HAMILTON

Murray Kempton on

The State of Maryland

Baltimore and Cambridge, Md.

The Maryland Democratic Party is a quarrelsome community of the white and the black poor. The needs of survival have forced its Democratic professionals, even more than most of their breed, to abandon cosmic concerns for local conveniences, the one managing his white garrison, the other his Negro ghetto. The Democrats of Maryland, like most Americans, seem to be Johnsonian, but have nothing else visible in common.

There was very little to be got as President Johnson's deputy in any Presidential primary George Wallace chose to enter, and absolutely nothing but trouble for any victim the President selected for sacrifice in Maryland. Governor Millard Tawes absolutely declined to offer a body already ravaged by six years of errant pilgrimage through the mine fields of his party's ethnic discords, and took himself off to Bermuda the day Wallace first came to Maryland.

Mr. Johnson seized then upon Daniel Brewster, Maryland's Democratic Junior Senator, administered sedation at a private White House audience – "Danny, I want you to be *me* in the primary" – and cast him into the pit as a "favorite-son" deputy against Wallace.

Brewster is an old hunt-race rider and a twice-wounded Marine, a little thickened since he has outgrown these strenuous gallantries, but with his eyes still clear blue and the smile of brave and innocent bemusement, which we have learned to cherish in the sort of airline hostess who is a little too shy for the job but loyal and true. Brewster smiles and endures, a living rebuttal to the complaints of the humane societies that Mr. Johnson hurts his best friends when he holds them up by the ears.

Brewster is absolutely a gentleman and, since his political life has until now been strewn with roses, even less used to the forms of combat Wallace requires than most gentlemen who have won as many elections as he has. But his gentility is an immense advantage: he has the social position to comfort the well-bred voter and the assurance to bark at the ill-bred one.

The evening after he returned from Mr. Johnson's cold comfort at Cumberland was for Daniel Brewster a round of occasions wherever two or three Democrats were gathered. He stopped at the annual food raffle of the Baltimore *Afro-American*, and interrupted the process of prize drawings to remind this assemblage of domestics and their children that he had been conscripted to represent "the cause of John F. Kennedy and justice, decency, dignity and tolerance," and that "I am opposed to this man from Alabama, this bigot, this interloper, who comes into our fair state."

Brewster went on to the Quo Vadis Club, headquarters of the East Baltimore Polish Democrats. He was met by seven of the club's executives, gloomily working on the surplus kegs of beer whence all save them had fled. East Baltimore's Polish quarter is a 20-block enclave, barely hospitable to German-American neighbors, let alone Negro ones; and the wards it commands are conceded to Wallace. No appeal to them was plausible except one above principle: "I just left the President," Brewster told them. "You should have seen those crowds in Cumberland. They're really impressed. He's a great guy and he's gonna be our guy and our President; make no mistake about that. I don't care if you hate my guts. Some of you may not agree with me about the civil rights bill. We can raise all sorts of hell, but we better not try with this guy Wallace. The time is gonna come when we want something in Maryland. And Johnson's gonna be there and we're gonna have to go to him."

Daniel Brewster ended at John Obrycki's crab bar, East Baltimore's only true glory. Obrycki is a Democratic ward executive; he had, he said, been too busy to find out how the primary was going, because Obrycki's is growing like the CIA and he had been supervising an addition to its kitchen. Brewster, engaged in the demolition of a sprawl of crabs on the table before him, looked up after awhile and fixed Obrycki with his blue eyes and said, "Joe, I'm here trying to help the President with this Wallace thing. Will you help me?" And Joe Obrycki, ward executive, got up at once and went to his kitchen and came back to help the Senator to a new order of crabs.

Brewster feels lonely and oppressed; but he is one

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of those lucky men who lose votes in places infinitely pleasanter than the ones where Wallace wins them. He is lucky in his social station too; Baltimore's strongest cultural influence comes from its landless gentry, many of whom descend from post-Civil War Virginia émigrés, and most of whom, though defected to the Republicans even before Eisenhower, keep their hereditary Democratic registration. They are not exactly *amis des noirs* but they are sensitive to breeding. Daniel Brewster's commitment to Roosevelt and Kennedy is, of course, a deviation, but they know him to be honorable, a gentleman and uncorrupted by uncomfortably immoderate brilliance; and they know George Wallace to be a poor white.

The *Baltimore Sun* fell upon Wallace the Sunday before the final week of his campaign. For the occasion its editors abandoned the chaste, clear, cool tone of their normal discourse. "Governor Wallace," said the *Sun*, "has presumed to intrude into one of the great moral issues of our time, without possessing the depth of character even to recognize that it is a moral issue. . . . He comes under a banner which, indeed, shines somewhat in the sun, being tarnished . . . [he is] ignorant of the historic character of the sturdy and independent state whose soil his presence briefly sullies. . . . At stake this Tuesday is the dignity and composure of Maryland."

Whatever the *Sun* may have done to the voters, its effect on Wallace is already dreadful to watch. He feels himself a social disaster. He came to Maryland delighting to remember that in Indiana he had been hit with a picket sign bearing the device "God Is Love." Maryland, in its coldness, has favored him with no such intimacies; the students at Johns Hopkins, as an instance, sat through his speech in polite silence, interrupting just once to laugh delightedly when George Wallace explained that he would never say a word in derogation of any man's race, because "that doesn't go in Alabama." It can be much harder on a man to be snubbed than to be rabbled by his enemies; Wallace seems oddly and almost pitiably deflated.

He opened his last week as a candidate with a luncheon address to his ladies' auxiliary at the Mardi Gras night club. It was an unfortunate choice of scene; the best of such places looks squalid in the daytime; and George Wallace, standing there on the bandstand in front of the drums and under the signs advertising the attractions normal to the Mardi Gras looked the image of the sort of owner whose pallor and the shine of whose suit indicates that next week he'll have to let the family entertainment go and put the strippers in.

What passion was left him was for the restoration of prayer to the schools. "They've stopped the little children from saying, 'Now I lay me down to sleep, uh'," and he stopped, having forgotten the words.

He would go that night to Cambridge on the Eastern Shore, and this expedition carried whatever prospect of excitement remained from the exhaustion of his campaign. Cambridge is the command post of Mrs. Gloria Richardson, perhaps the Negro protest movement's most dashing street captain; it has been frozen under martial law since her great demonstrations last summer. One indication of Wallace's sudden irrelevancy was that even Cambridge talked not about what he would say when he came here but what Gloria Richardson would do to mark his presence.

Mrs. Richardson called the Negroes to the Elks Hall at six, two hours before Wallace was scheduled to come to the Fireman's Hall, a few blocks away and across the curtain of National Guardsmen who stand on Race Street dividing Cambridge's whites from Cambridge's blacks. She gathered all the press and television; as she always does, Mrs. Richardson had beaten white Cambridge on style, as white Cambridge seems always to beat her on real property. The school children who left her after months of enforced immobility were on the stage singing the old songs; the adults came slowly and sat silent, almost outnumbered by the reporters and quite displaced by the cameras.

The songs have the power to move that they always did, but the atmosphere has changed from one's memory of their beginning. Television, once only a visitor, now commanded the proceedings; it was hard to believe there would have been so many children if there had not been the assurance of so many cameras.

Lady Revolutionary

Gloria Richardson came to the platform, wearing a white ruffled shirt and a blue denim jumper – a delicate reflection of that inability to decide whether she is entirely a lady or entirely a revolutionary which is one of her great charms. She read a report on her doings since last they met. It was strangely detached from her auditors; Mrs. Richardson seemed to be addressing something which, if it were not quite as impersonal as history, was at least as bloodless as journalism.

She had arrived, she said, at an alliance with Malcolm X. The words of Malcolm X have very little to do with Mrs. Richardson's temperament, and not much to do with his own. Mrs. Richardson, out of a defeat even deeper than his, seems to have begun a flight to rhetoric very like Malcolm X's. She did not, of course, Gloria Richardson said primly, favor the indiscriminate formation of rifle clubs. But she endorsed the World's Fair stall-in; she has fallen, like some mere columnist, to arguing about things that never happened just as though they had. And she had new speakers for her flock to meet, two ministers from Muslim temples and Jesse Gray, the Harlem rent-strike leader, and Law-

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rence Landry of ACT, that latest militant challenge to the black Establishment. It is hard not to think of Gloria Richardson except as a responsible and moderate woman. And now she had called up the most alienated and the least compromising speakers she could find. But their very alienation was an assurance that none of her children would be disablingly and dangerously inflamed against Wallace, since the message of most of these newcomers was that there is no real difference between Wallace and Brewster.

It was time for Wallace by then; there was no place to park within two blocks of the firehouse. It was still daylight; a couple walked across the grass holding hands, he in a seersucker jacket, she in a print. The firehouse was clean and bright; everyone seemed scrubbed. They were guests of the Dorchester Business and Citizens Association, whose president, William Wise, told them to shut up when, waiting, they chanted "We Want Wallace," and then announced that they would be ejected if they booed. They endured these strictures to conformity with an entirely pallid docility. Wallace appeared no sooner than he had to and left as swiftly as he could, lingering only long enough to fairly snatch the paper box containing the collection from Wise's hands, and left his audience sitting empty with nothing to look at but a sign saying "Vote for Wallace. Help restore sanity to our government."

He had given them little to cheer about and his pieties left them puzzled; they were unitedly silent when he proclaimed, "We are not bigots, we are not prejudiced," so one has to assume they feel so safe in bigotry and prejudice that these do not seem to them sins at whose absolution they should rejoice. But these feelings are dull in them, as most feelings seem to be, and they are at bottom content.

Their contentment is the most significant aspect of the Maryland primary. The size of Wallace's vote is at bottom irrelevant, if his Cambridge audience is a fair sample of the mood of those who voted for him. These are indifferent people; and they do not need to care, because essentially they are invulnerable.

Heartbroken "Winners"

There is a comfortable liberal notion that Wallace's is the losing side of darkness and Gloria Richardson's is the winning one of light. But those two meetings at Cambridge cruelly illuminated a fundamental reality; the "losers" who heard Wallace were comfortable people; and the "winners" who heard Gloria Richardson were distracted and near heartbreak.

One returned to the Elks Club to find the platform ringing with a parade of speakers each of whom ran to the microphone with the first notion of total tactic that entered his head. "Starting tomorrow, you will stop paying your landlord," Jesse Gray cried out.

If they keep us out of their neighborhoods, Mrs. Richardson announced, we'll keep them out of ours. "As of tomorrow, no white people can come into the second ward." "If we can't go to their stores, we'll keep them from going to their country clubs," a young man from Howard promised. "Starting tomorrow, we'll tie up the long distance phones."

But tomorrow and tomorrow, they knew and everyone present knew that the landlord would be paid, the Negro waiters would serve at the country club, the white insurance man would knock at the Negro's door. That is not because these ideas are not practical; it is because practical men do not plan tactics in impoverished shouts at public meetings. Even the old songs sound more and more like echoes; this movement may revive and begin again, but at the moment its voice is the broken, mindless cry of prisoners who have just discovered they are condemned to stay in jail. And, if it is like this in Cambridge, it must be like this in a dozen places which a year ago were glorious in our history.

Two myths, one malignant and one marvelously creative, seemed to be running their course last week in Maryland. It is odd that running down will matter very little to George Wallace; he goes back to Alabama where he is Governor and a malignant reality. But the running down will be the end of all that is important in Gloria Richardson's life, and something that is rich in our history.

She and her children, more from memory than hope, gathered at the end of their evening to go down to Race Street and picket once more. They were used as cruelly as troopers are accustomed to use persons who make them nervous. Mrs. Richardson was arrested along with 13 other demonstrators. The commander of the National Guard drove the rest away with tear gas; he spoke of this device as the most merciful possible and seemed genuinely to feel it a kindness. It will soon be a year since Cambridge's Negroes have been permitted to demonstrate in protest against the condition of their lives; they are not allowed even the single luxury of that gesture. Cambridge enjoys their deprivation because it assures its tranquillity; and Maryland seems by now to accept it as a natural order.

So George Wallace goes home, and it seems unlikely to make much difference how many votes he gets in Maryland; this state has established an atmosphere which has reduced him to insignificance. Maryland, by its dignity, has shown itself to be above George Wallace. But it has also, by its detachment, shown itself to be above Gloria Richardson.

That is one small gain against embarrassment and one great loss in fulfillment. Indifference has her uses and her comforts; but she does pay off with the small spiritual coins and collect with the large ones.

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Desegregation? What's the Hurry?

Gitlow Will Show You How To Shuffle

Chicago

Civil rights leaders here are headed into the dangerous summer months despairing of peaceful progress and anxiously awaiting some indication from City Hall that the power structure shares their forebodings and is prepared to help head off the violence they fear.

The men who run the city have tried to pretend that the Negro revolution will pass. Mayor Richard J. Daley, a uniquely powerful big-city boss, welcomed the NAACP's annual convention to his fief last July with the astonishing proclamation that "there are no ghettoes in Chicago." Four days later he stalked away red-faced from a booing NAACP crowd he had tried to address, and told Senator Douglas, "Paul, there are a bunch of Republicans out there."

After militant and often unruly picketing, Schools Superintendent Benjamin C. Willis – the *bête blanche* of the protest groups – abruptly resigned. Negroes prematurely celebrated victory: under pressure from the business community and white property owners, Daley restored Willis to his uncomfortable eminence. The Negro community thereupon staged a one-day boycott of the public schools that produced nearly 225,000 absentees out of an enrollment of 470,000.

At the Mayor's instruction, six of the seven Negro aldermen – loyal *apparatchiks* in the formidable political machine headed by 78-year-old, 11-term Congressman William L. Dawson – declared open war on the young sponsors of the boycott. But the aldermen were greeted by the irreverent Negro tabloid, the *Daily Defender*, with a cartoon showing Mayor Daley introducing the six aldermen to a ragged, dumpy, smiling caricature of Uncle Tom and saying, "Boys, this is Gitlow. He will show you how to shuffle."

Gitlow's instructions did not filter down to 172,350 school children (out of an estimated enrollment of 236,471 Negroes) who joined a second massive demonstration. The school board subsequently approved "in general principle" 13 recommendations to improve and integrate inferior ghetto schools, but shows no sense of urgency in implementing them.

So far, the militants' tactics have brought them no satisfying conquests, but have produced an ugly white reaction which appears to trouble Mayor Daley more than the Negro protest. White groups opposing occupancy legislation have grown more vocal and rumors continue to circulate about there being Communists in the civil rights leadership.

With antagonism mounting on both sides, Mayor Daley seems to have adopted an *aprés moi le deluge* attitude that almost guarantees violence this summer. Just before taking off for a 21-day holiday in Europe, the Mayor reappointed Mrs. Wendell Green to another five-year term on the school board. Mrs. Green is a Negro, but she was opposed by every civil rights organization – militant and "responsible" – in the city for her unswerving record of support for Superintendent Willis. One liberal Negro alderman says that the Mayor "has given in to the white segregationist vote in Chicago."

A Negro militant says: "We are going to mess up this town until they treat us right. You have to disrupt this system. Peace if possible, but justice at any cost."

Alfred Friendly Jr.

Mr. Friendly *is on the staff of* Newsweek *magazine and has contributed articles to various periodicals.*

The Red Carpet for Beckwith

Greenwood, Mississippi

Byron De La Beckwith, the accused assassin of Medgar Evers, was greeted with a big banner of welcome when he returned here. On the night he arrived he was treated to a steak dinner at one of the finest restaurants in this delta city. Then he moved in with his wife at the Hotel LeFlore, where they still live, and the red carpet treatment continues.

Beckwith's second trial was declared a mistrial. Delta residents raised over $15,000 for his defense. During the day and during the evening, he frequently rides through the city's Negro section with police in a police car. Sometimes he sits up front with the police.

When Negroes see him with the police they are reminded of the only witnesses who testified that Beckwith was in Greenwood and not in Jackson the night of the Evers slaying. Two Greenwood police testified that they had seen him in Greenwood at 1:05 a.m. A Greenwood auxiliary policeman testified that he saw Beckwith in Greenwood at 11:45 p.m. The shooting occurred about 12:30 a.m. in Jackson, 95 miles away.

Greenwood is the home of the founder of the White Citizens' Council, of which Beckwith is a member, and is the original home of that white supremacy, segregationist organization. Today, three of the five officers

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of the Association of Citizens' Councils of Mississippi, including the executive secretary, are Greenwood residents. The Greenwood city attorney, Hardy Lott, was Beckwith's chief attorney.

Greenwood has been the center of a voter registration drive that the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee began in August, 1962. Since then, one SNCC worker, James Travis, has been shot (the bullet lodged in his spine but he recovered), five others have been shot at, and four were forced to jump from the second-floor rear window of the office to escape from a mob carrying chains and pipes. Three Negro businesses near the SNCC office were burned down; a month later, the SNCC office was burned. Shotgun blasts were fired into a vote worker's home. Greenwood police have made more than 70 arrests of persons active in the vote drive, and the county board of supervisors has dropped the surplus food program.

JERRY DEMUTH

MR. DEMUTH *is a freelance writer currently working in the South.*

"Way Down Yonder in New Orleans"

New Orleans

I spent a week in New Orleans working with the local attorneys for the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE).

I stayed at a Negro-owned motel and spent all my time with three Negro attorneys who represent CORE: Robert Collins, Nils Douglas and Lolis Elie. All in their early thirties, they are of the first generation of graduates of the previously all-white law schools. There are only a handful of Negro attorneys in the entire state of Louisiana, whose Negro population is estimated at close to 40 percent of the 3.25 million population. Until the law school break-through in the early 1950's, there was only one Negro attorney in Louisiana: Mr. A. P. Tureaud, the distinguished leader of the NAACP in New Orleans. Nils Douglas was a candidate for the state legislature, and Lolis Elie is chairman of the Negro community's negotiating committee attempting to make progress in desegregation in the city of New Orleans.

I was with those men in law offices, homes, courts, eating places, and hotels, and I collected some vivid impressions of the state of race relations in New Orleans, which with its population of 650,000 is the second city of the South. Because of French and Spanish influence and Latin American proximity, the city affects a cosmopolitanism and sophistication that are uncommon elsewhere in the South, but are evident in its architecture, highway system, new public library and the federal buildings under construction.

But what is the status of desegregation? All the way into the city from the modern new airport there are dozens of glittering, expensive new motels, almost all of them segregated. There are only about 200 Negro children in previously all-white public schools. Not a single Negro teacher has been integrated, and the education of the overwhelming majority of Negro children is as segregated and inferior as it was 30 years ago. Outside New Orleans, there is not an iota of tokenism. In New Orleans, many years' campaigning to secure municipal jobs for qualified Negroes above the mop-and-bucket level has resulted in a handful of Negro policemen, some librarians, but no firemen.

The "colored" and "white" signs have at long last come down from the drinking fountains of the department stores, and the lunch counters are desegregated. But all of New Orleans' fine restaurants are still closed to Negroes, because of a city ordinance that prohibits whites and Negroes being together where alcoholic beverages are served. Since New Orleans is completely "wet," 24 hours a day, seven days a week, with no restrictions on drinking hours, this means that not even an integrated breakfast is possible. Bob Collins acidly observed: "Just like with the Indians, they can't trust us with firewater." The result is that all of the meals (and beverages) that we had together were taken at Negro establishments. This was still in violation of the ordinance, which however is relatively unenforced in the Negro facilities.

The New Orleans Public Library is officially desegregated; but Negroes and whites do not sit at the same tables in the reading-rooms, and, while Negro borrowers may charge out books through white librarians, white borrowers are served only by white librarians.

The only law firm in Louisiana which has an integrated secretarial force was obliged to move to a less desirable location when the management refused to renew their lease, ostensibly because of the complaints of other tenants. When we had to work late one night and we needed a temporary legal stenographer, we arranged to work there because of the obvious impossibility of getting a white stenographer to come into the Negro section of town at night.

There are segregated white and colored washrooms for lawyers at the imposing new building which houses the Supreme Court of Louisiana. Can any lawyer or judge seriously claim that the segregation of restrooms in a courthouse, indeed in the Supreme Court of the state, is not state action and therefore unconstitutional? Of course not, I was assured by my hosts. But the state will never do anything about it until a lawsuit is expressly instituted for that purpose. And the lawsuit

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would probably be opposed and fought and prolonged in every possible way, although the outcome is obvious. And they have more important uses for their limited resources than to desegregate courthouse washrooms.

The New Orleans power structure is very aware of those limited resources, and the policy of last-ditch resistance until a final court order, in virtually every instance, is deliberate. Nothing has been achieved without a fight, and nothing more can be achieved without a fight. "Sometimes we litigate, sometimes we demonstrate," my hosts told me. But it never comes voluntarily.

Although my work was with the litigators, I also met some of the demonstrators. This was easy enough, since the New Orleans CORE headquarters is located in the same building as its attorneys' offices. I met CORE field secretary Ike Reynolds, a man with a reputation as a fearless civil rights fighter. I also met a number of local people, mostly men and women of college age and younger. They seemed to be a fair cross-section of any university campus or high school yard, except that for them the civil rights struggle had displaced in importance all other activities, curricular and extra-curricular.

MARVIN M. KARPATKIN

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Twelve White Men and True

Although the bill now before Congress does not mention it, no civil right of American Negroes is less honored in practice than the constitutional prohibition against their exclusion from grand and trial juries. In 1875 Congress made it a crime to exclude Negroes from jury service, and five years later the indictment of a Virginia judge for keeping the names of Negroes off jury lists was upheld by the Supreme Court. Also in 1880, the Court voided the first of what was to become a long line of cases because of a West Virginia law limiting eligible jurors to white males, and the ruling was extended quickly to cover any administrative practice which resulted in exclusion. As defined by the Supreme Court, Negroes (and, for that matter, members of any distinct social, economic, political, religious or geographic group) could not insist on proportional, or indeed any representation on a specific jury panel; but they were entitled not to be systematically denied access to the jury system. Once it was shown that, over a reasonable period of time, the number of Negroes on the rolls from which jurors were selected was disproportionate to the number of Negroes qualified to serve, a criminal conviction could be reversed and a new trial ordered.

The clarity of the law, however, has been insufficient to overcome Southern hostility to the principle. In 1961, the United States Civil Rights Commission concluded that jury discrimination was "widespread and in certain areas deeply entrenched," and over the years the federal courts have granted criminals new trials in almost every Southern state because of jury selection. The major culprit is, as might be expected, the political system of the rural county where although – and because – they have heavy numerical superiority, Negroes take no part in the public life of the community. But many Southern cities exclude Negroes from jury service completely, and all, by a variety of techniques, limit the number permitted to serve. A few years ago, for example, in Mobile, Alabama, where Negroes constituted 31 percent of those qualified for jury service, less than two percent had their names on the list of eligible jurors.

Despite these well-known facts, courts in the Southern states rarely upset convictions because of discrimination in jury selection. In those exceptional cases which prove the rule, a heavy burden of proof is imposed on those who claim discrimination. The Supreme Court of North Carolina recently concluded that two Negroes had not proved systematic exclusion in a county where approximately 30 percent of the population was Negro, despite the uncontradicted testimony of a clerk of court that only one Negro had served on a grand jury in his 24 years as clerk.

The persistence of jury discrimination is caused also by the reluctance of the Southern lawyer to challenge the system of jury selection. Richard Rives of Alabama, an eminent and senior federal judge, has written that "lawyers residing in many Southern jurisdictions rarely, almost to the point of never, raise the issue of systematic exclusion of Negroes from juries"; and that the few who challenge the system do so "at the risk of personal sacrifice which may extend to loss of practice and social ostracism."

Because challenges to the method of jury selection usually must come before trial, a lawyer's failure to press the objection acted, until recently, to foreclose any consideration of the claimed discrimination. The official reports of Southern courts are filled with cases of men electrocuted because their lawyer failed to raise the jury question or raised it too late. Even Negro attorneys are often reluctant to raise the issue, fearing that community opposition to their client would be hardened, with the eventual result of a stiffer fine or

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sentence. Becoming fed up with this system, the federal courts in 1959 began to refuse to accept a white lawyer's waiver of the right to nondiscriminatory juries unless the Negro defendant went along.

The benefits any particular defendant derives from objecting to jury selection, however, are slight. If he wins another trial, a few Negro jurors are added to the eligible rolls, but by use of the automatic challenges our law gives the prosecuting attorney, they rarely serve on trial juries. If Negroes are placed on the grand jury, their presence is minimized by the fact that a majority is enough for the grand jury to indict. It is true that Negro presence on a jury cuts down overt appeals to prejudice, but this is hardly compensation to any particular Negro for the hostility aroused by demanding an end to jury discrimination. With few exceptions, therefore, the only person who bothers to raise the jury question is the Negro sentenced to death. For him any expedient is useful, and for society the objection of jury discrimination has become another technique for debilitating a penalty it has not the courage to abandon.

Nowhere is prejudice more deadly than in the courtroom where the stakes are reputation, property, liberty, and even life. "Exclusion," as Judge Rives has put it, "can result in inadequate protection of law-abiding Negroes against the criminal elements of their own race," because whites tend to be lenient toward Negro crime when it is perpetrated against other Negroes, while Negroes who "cross the line" by committing crimes against whites are treated with undue severity. Worst of all, jury discrimination is law-breaking by government which, in the words of Brandeis, "invites every man to become the law unto himself."

Can anything be done to convert Southern lawyers and judges from their view that Negro service on juries should be resisted? The federal courts are unable to take over the work of the state court system in order to insure Negroes free access to jury service (although those courts may make themselves more available in civil rights cases where white juries are notoriously harsh). The Department of Justice has never brought a suit to end discrimination in jury service, and its authority to do so is unclear. Successful criminal prosecution of officials who refuse to place Negroes on juries requires Southern juries to indict and convict them; and the Department of Justice has abandoned – if it ever seriously considered – this approach. (Only last year a Southern prosecutor admitted before three federal judges that he had obtained court orders to hold four civil rights workers without bail pending action by a county grand jury on which no Negro had served for 20 years. So unafraid of criminal prosecution was the prosecutor that he later asked for and obtained indictments from that very grand jury.) Suits by individual Negroes to end exclusion would require great expense of time and money by persons having only a slight personal stake in the outcome.

There is, I believe, a simple, effective, solution. It has usually been assumed that only Negroes could complain about their exclusion. But why? If white defendants were permitted to challenge illegal juries, racial exclusion would disappear quickly. The pressures on white lawyers to raise the issue on behalf of whites would be irresistible. Forced to decide between continually retrying scores of felons or reforming selection methods to permit Negro participation, most courts would undoubtedly choose the latter.

MICHAEL MELTSNER

MICHAEL MELTSNER, *a graduate of Yale University Law School, has specialized in civil rights cases dealing with medical facilities and capital offenses since joining the Legal Defense Fund staff of the NAACP in 1961.*

British Labour's Arms Plan

by Wayland Young

How will a Labour Party electoral victory in October affect Anglo-American relations in the defense field? The over-all result should be good. The changes Labour proposes to make will in the main bring British and American foreign policy closer together.

If this has hitherto been less well understood than it should have been, it is because in Britain one party has all the recent experience but is tongue-tied; while the other, while sometimes exuberantly articulate, has no recent experience. The Conservatives are the party of the haves, and haves can usually get what they want by talking to one another in have-code. The Labour Party on the other hand is a talkative alliance of disgruntled industrial workers, technicians and university

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intellectuals. In Britain, there is no defense committee or foreign affairs committee in Parliament; indeed, there are no specialist policy committees at all, only financial watchdogs barking after the event. Each party may form its own defense groups or not, as it likes; what they do, they do separately, and without access to specialists. The opposition party has no constitutional access to anybody in the Ministry of Defense or the Foreign Office save the two ministers in charge, who are busy; a handful of junior ministers who are more likely to be gaining political experience than formulating policy; and a publicity section concerned with the small change of smooth relations between ministry and press. Any individual contacts beyond that are difficult to achieve, laborious to maintain, and so hedged about by the claims of confidence as to be of quite limited political use. There is no right to call officials (or anyone else) to testify, and virtually none of that coming and going between the universities and government which is a part of the American system.

The individual member of either party may join the Institute of Strategic Studies in London, where he can hear speakers (though few of them from the Ministry of Defense of his own country) give unclassified talks. This institute, with a full-time graduate staff of four or five, is all Britain has to pit against the thousands at Rand, IDA, Hudson Institute, etc., in the US – and is nearly half maintained by American money.

There is minimal osmosis between legislature and executive, which makes for poor public debate and often turns party politics from a tug of war into blindman's buff. The virtues of the civil service in defense, whatever they are, are kept strictly hidden by the system. Yet, in spite of those structural peculiarities of the British system – the amateurism of Parliament, the uncommunicative professionalism of the civil service, the lack of contact with universities and research – which tell heavily against a party that has been 13 years in opposition, Labour has managed to develop a coherent defense and foreign policy.

The most conspicuous change will be in British policy toward the control of nuclear weapons within NATO. It will be no disaster to the US when Britain ceases to insist on maintaining independent control of a weapons system that has so often been described by American strategists as only marginally effective, or obsolescent and destabilizing. It can hardly be displeasing if Britain releases the US from the undertaking, wrung from a startled and reluctant President Kennedy and inconsistent with his own policy, to sell Britain Polaris missiles as well as inertial guidance systems for the submarines which will be carrying them.

The Labour Party agrees with the American contention that the manning level, the equipment, the mobility, and the deployment of some of the armies on the central front in Europe leave much to be desired, and that if they were improved, the early recourse to a nuclear defense which is part of our plans could become largely unnecessary. A Labour government is pledged to rectify those defects in the Army of the Rhine.

Because of American preoccupations with allies' performances, it is worth dwelling for a moment on the manning question. Britain is bound by the revised Treaty of Brussels to maintain 55,000 men in Germany, but for years the actual level has been less than this by three or four thousand. Some in both British parties hold that the 55,000 level must be reached or even surpassed at all costs, and would accept selective service in Britain to reach it. A conflicting opinion is that, since McNamara has said that there is now a conventional balance, the Council of Ministers of Western European Union, the international body concerned, should agree to lower the target figure. A decision on this will not be taken before the British elections. If the decision is to raise the level, it could be done by selective service, or it could be done by raising soldiers' pay.

The many statements made by Labour leaders to the effect that Britain ought to play a more active part in the United Nations also herald a change for the better in Anglo-American relations. The United States can be certain that under a Labour government British feet will not be dragged, as they were during the Congo affair, and that there will be no more convulsions like the 1956 attack on Egypt. A total arms embargo will be placed on South Africa.

Labour will not change every aspect of Anglo-American defense relations. Discussion will probably continue whether it is immoral to spend seven percent of Gross National Product on defense when your ally is spending 10 percent, given that your per capita income is lower. Harmony will no doubt continue about the deployment of carrier forces in the Indian Ocean. And discord seems likely to continue about sales to Cuba. The involvement of the US in a succession of small but savage wars in Southeast Asia may continue to be regarded with a surprise born of who knows what proportions of ignorance and disapproval.

It seems clear that most of the immediate changes proposed by Labour (vesting control of the V bombers unequivocally in NATO, by canceling the clause which now gives Britain the right to restore them to national control "in the supreme national interest"; releasing the US from the Nassau undertaking to sell Polaris missiles) are squarely in line with American policy. And there is hope that more basic, longer-term shifts of policy will be managed in agreement with the US. A

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Labour government will have definite ideas of the way the world ought to go in matters of defense, arms control, disarmament and world security. But it need not be an unpleasant shock. The drive will not be at variance with United States interests; it will, rather, urge and hurry forward certain elements of US policy which are already shaping up clearly enough. The Labour Party has had a long time to think in the wilderness. It will not be content to drift, or to move creakingly and slowly from accommodation to precarious accommodation. It will act to coordinate defense and disarmament policies at a national level, and will hope to be able to carry some of this outward into the alliance as a whole.

Labour will favor a forthright and swift adoption of the proposal on general disarmament that India put forward at Geneva, namely, acceptance of stable minimum deterrents, and will seek the strategic redeployment necessary to achieve it swifty and safely. The basic idea is that the East and the West should destroy or convert to peaceful uses such quantities of strategic delivery vehicles as will bring them down to agreed equal numbers on the two sides, so that a secure, second-strike capacity remains to each. The existence of these capacities would make unnecessary the very precise verification machinery needed for "total" disarmament, but as national means of inspection improve, the "safe" level of balance would get lower. It would probably be easier to bring the Western half of this balanced minimum deterrent structure under shared alliance control, than to construct a new "multilateral" force (the MLF) under such control, alongside the vast, disparate armories now in national hands.

The large elimination of American, Soviet and British stocks involved could make it politically possible for France to take part in international control, and West Germany's participation would be much less provocative than in a newly-created force. Recent Polish proposals, such as a verified freeze on, or even reduction of nuclear weapon levels in Central Europe, could form part of an orderly progress to minimum deterrent balance. In such a situation, eventual reunification and neutralization of Germany would no longer be impossible on military grounds.

Bringing in China

As this is being done, to set the scene for the next stage China should be brought into both the United Nations and the disarmament negotiations in Geneva. The Labour Party does not regard the UN as an association of states having common attributes, but as an association of all states.

The basic attitudes of the fifties (tireless Soviet aggression, urgent arms drive, unquestioned US leadership) have led NATO into bad trouble because they are being maintained too long. Small adjustments and revisions will not restore cohesion.

There are extremisms on both sides in British as there are in American politics. The Empire Loyalists in Britain and the Birchers in America tell themselves cozy lies and hope to win back to the past. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in Britain and a corresponding sector of opinion in the US tell themselves cozy lies and hope to win through to the future.

Just as the Republican Party is not Birchite, so the Labour Party is not CND. The Labour Party as a whole does a pretty good job of telling itself the truth and keeping its feet in the present. In particular, there is (if I am right in my outline of what a Labour government might do) no neutralism in the program, no desire that American troops should leave Europe before general disarmament, and no desire to opt out of the realities of the world situation.

A Labour government would indeed be ready to give up national control of nuclear weapons in the interests of hindering the proliferation of other national controls and would welcome the provisional restoration, on the way to disarmament, of as much bipolarity as possible at the nuclear level. But it will surely be easier to achieve this bipolarity if the levels of military force in the world can be got to sink. The US developed the first nuclear weapons in the world (with British and French help) because wartime intelligence was not good enough to show that Nazi Germany was way behind. We felt threatened by Germany. Russia developed them because she felt threatened by America. Britain (beginning under a Labour government) developed them because she felt threatened by Russia and wanted to control her own response to that threat. France did so for the same reason. China does so because she feels threatened by the US Seventh Fleet and the bases on Okinawa. Just to seek to restore American and Russian bipolarity is in the present world little more than nostalgic. But to seek to achieve it on the way down to a minimum East-West deterrent balance, which might hopefully lead on to something one could call disarmament, could be quite practical.

On levels of force and influence lower than nuclear, a Labour Britain would not go out of its way to reestablish a bipolar world. China and Russia have broken with each other. Poland occupies a third Communist position, Yugoslavia a fourth. The great threat is passing away. The old days when a wealthy and advanced United States protected a cowering and inert Western Europe from monolithic aggression will not return, and nobody in the US wants them to return. But those who stand up in their own defense and make their own wealth will also move around, go for walks, try things out. This is happening, and will continue.

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Systems in Collision

by Alastair Buchan

There are, at this moment, few subjects more worthy of the powers of a first rate scholar than an examination of the so-called "convergence theory" of Soviet and American society. The belief that industrialization, urbanization and affluence will produce a common culture, common problems and solutions in the two great continental powers has taken root not only in the United States but in every foreign office and campus of Europe. It has been used to reinforce the tenuous evidence of the "hot line," the test ban, and the wheat deal, in order to establish a theory of concurrent Soviet-American interests. What cheers Tito and Gomulka – and even some people in Britain – petrifies de Gaulle (as it depressed de Tocqueville a century earlier) and many Germans, and provides one of the more reputable arguments for a wholly independent West European super-state.

Political Power: USA/USSR
by Zbigniew Brzezinski
and Samuel P. Huntington
(Viking; $7.50)

The climate of international politics over the next decade will be directly affected by the answers which people in many countries find to the questions Messrs. Brzezinski and Huntington have now sought to formulate. What are the differences and similarities in the political systems which determine the ability of the two greatest powers to compete and to coexist? What are their individual strengths and weaknesses? Are the two systems becoming more or less alike? Too long, they point out "the esoteric cult of Kremlinology" has been matched "by the worship of American uniqueness," so these two bright stars in their own galaxies have embarked on joint enquiry. The result is a long, careful, clear book which is for the most part addressed to the real point of comparison, not industrial management, or leisure habits, or culture, or civil-military relations, but to the totality of the two political systems. The book is divided between four chapters of general analysis, and five comparing responses to common crises. I personally was disappointed with the first two chapters. The first one deals with Soviet and American ideologies and consists mostly of rather obvious generalities, combined, for a European at least, with some rather debatable distinctions between the importance of ideology in the Russian political tradition and the relative disregard of it in the American. It contains some good aphorisms: "The Presidium of the Communist Party redefines the meaning of class struggle for a thermonuclear world: so also the Supreme Court redefines the meaning of 'due process of law' for the welfare state." "The United States is ill-prepared for protracted struggle with its enemies: the Soviet Union is ill-equipped for protracted disagreement with its friends." But the attempt to base a hypothesis on the differing influences of ideology in the two traditions seems to me strained.

Similarly, the second chapter dealing with "The Political System and the Individual" is based on a distinction between instrumental and ideological political systems which, again to a European, does not have the ring of reality. But the heart of the book, and its real importance, lies not in these opening generalities but in the third and fourth chapters dealing with political leadership and the relations between power and policy. Here is close, lucid analysis of the ways in which two sets of quite differently inspired political machinery resemble and differ from each other. And the contrasts far outweigh the similarities. This is not merely in social terms, for though the Slavs and Russians still dominate the Soviet *apparatchiki* as the white Anglo-Saxon Protestants still dominate the US, the present generation of Soviet leaders came mostly from the soil and not from the Establishment. The real difference is that the Soviet Union is run at almost all levels by full-time professional politicians.

"Thirty-seven percent of the Soviet leaders were professional party politicians, compared to 19 percent of the American leaders whose careers had been primarily in electoral politics."

"... The trend in the Soviet leadership is toward greater predominance by the professional *apparatchiki* assisted on the one hand by the professional ideologues and on the other by the experts. For an American an-

What happened when Woodrow Wilson lay ill and the fate of the nation was in the hands of the First Lady

WHEN THE CHEERING STOPPED

By GENE SMITH

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alogy, one would have to imagine an Administration dominated by a combination of the old-time city-machine bosses and high civil servants, with Senator McCarthy or General Walker setting the ideological tone on the one side, and a group of industrial executives providing the technical counsel on the other."

The other important contrasts which the authors elicit concern the machinery of succession. The United States seems to the European almost permanently at the polls, electing someone from dog-catcher to President, but the techniques have been well learnt over nearly two centuries, and to an even greater extent than in Europe, the business of electing people through the political parties, has become quite specialized and divorced from the making of policy. In the Soviet Union politics is essentially about policy, which involves constant personal and doctrinal intrigue, and since there is no provision for succession at the top, the death of both Lenin and Stalin (the authors are a little careless in saying that "the top leader, like the Czar, always dies in office"– Malenkov, and Bulganin did not: Khrushchev may not) created a vast upheaval in national and international politics like the death of an intestate Habsburg.

> "Equilibrium in the American system means divided power. Equilibrium in the Soviet system means concentrated power in a single leader. Concentrated power may be undesirable, but few things are worse for a political system than an *unstable* division of power. Yet unstable oligarchy is what appears in the Soviet Union when the dictator dies."

The authors' discussion of the policy processes is particularly good – the informal juggling of interests and advice, military, industrial, social, political, from which a consensus emerges in the United States, and the tight hierarchy of the *apparatchiki* whereby the top men only can initiate, since to make a policy error lower down is politically fatal to one's career. Here they do indeed suggest that the Soviet system is so crisis prone that it must probably loosen up and move toward the American system of consensus building if it is to survive. What they do not emphasize enough is that the United States must develop a professional civil service, if it is to continue to run half the world.

The second half of the book is concerned with case studies. The first comparing the struggle which respectively brought Kennedy and Khrushchev to power, is not very revealing, for if Khrushchev's victory teaches important lessons about the Soviet system, Kennedy, even at this distance, seems a most untypical figure in American politics. Khrushchev's handling of the light versus heavy industry debate, and Kennedy's handling of civil rights, do, on the other hand, bring depth into an understanding of the contrasting systems; as does a comparative study of the intractable political problem of agriculture. Setting Truman's handling of MacArthur in 1951 and Khrushchev's handling of Zhukov in 1957 side by side reveals remarkable similarities of technique and fortune. Though one crisis apiece does not mean that the civil-military problem is the same in both countries, it is a comforting fact that the traditions of civilian control and the means of exercising it are closely parallel.

The authors finally turn to a pair of foreign crises, the Hungarian uprising and the Bay of Pigs. They argue convincingly that in two given crises, both partly of their own making, the Soviet leaders, the lifetime politicans, behaved with much greater professional understanding of power than the amateurs newly arrived in Washington. On the other hand, they award higher marks to the American system for its ability to live with France than to the Soviet system for its inability to live with China. An overt clash of national interests is easier to contain than one concealed in an ideological argument.

Given their starting point, the overriding importance of the political system in determining social and national objectives, it is not surprising that in their judicious concluding chapter the authors categorically reject the "convergence theory" which they feel to be too narrowly based on economic hypotheses alone. Instead, they suggest that both societies may evolve, overcoming their greatest weaknesses – the conspiratorial effects of the lack of a Soviet system of political succession, the American lack of professional leadership – and may come to use similar tools without making inroads on the big differences, the dominance of the Party in Russia, and political pluralism in the United States.

> "The Soviet and the American political systems, each in its own way, have been highly successful. Because they have been successful, they are not likely to change drastically. Yet for the two systems to converge there would have to be a drastic alteration of course – in a historical sense, a revolutionary change of direction – in the path of development of one of them. Every

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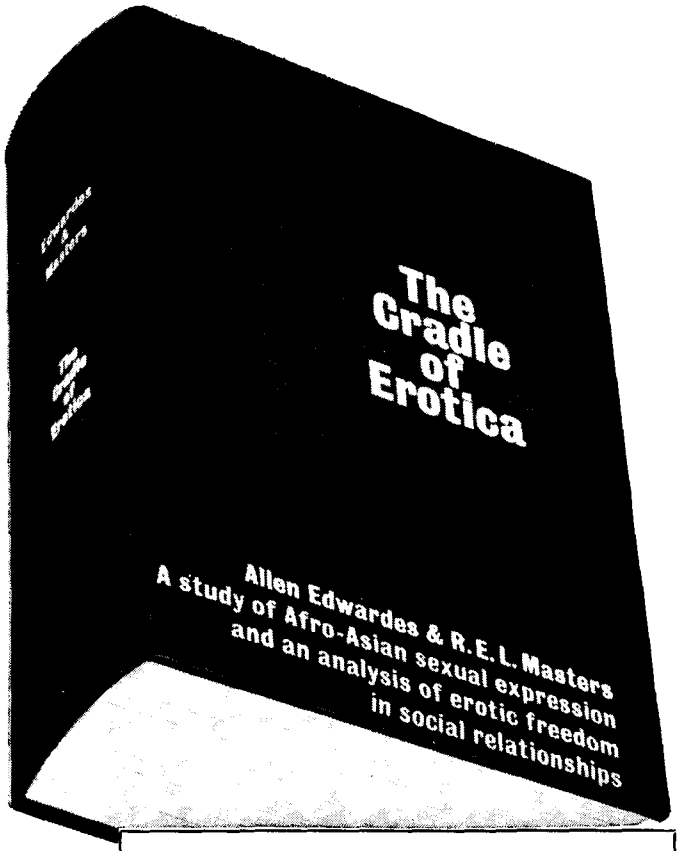
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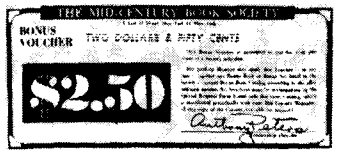

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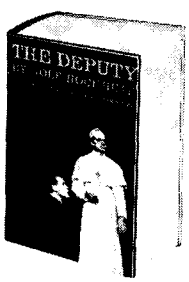

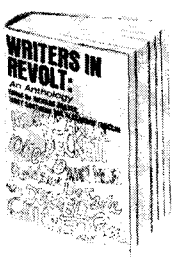

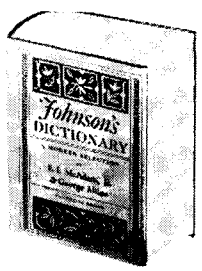

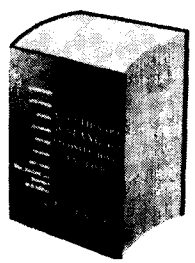

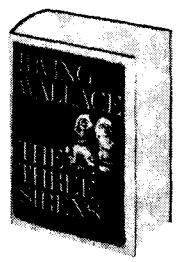

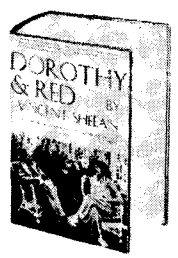

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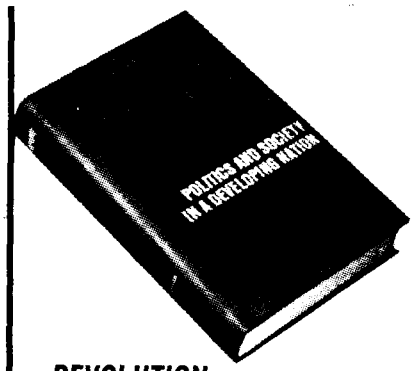

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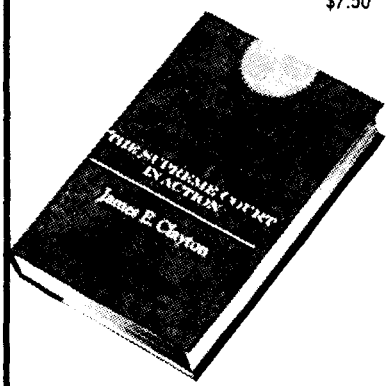

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healthy political system changes, but if the change is gradual it tends to be shaped by the present and the past. Unless it is possible to prove that there has been or will be a major shift in the development of either the American or the Soviet system's relationship with society, or unless it is possible to prove that the past models of development of the two societies are fundamentally alike, then the very fact of evolution makes convergence unlikely. It is too simple to assume that the complexity of the human condition is reducible to a single social-economic or political mold. The evolution of the two systems, but not their convergence, seems to be the undramatic pattern for the future."

Golding's Leaning Tower

by Richard P. Brickner

In a number of ways William Golding's new novel is *Moby Dick* washed ashore. As a novel, it won't budge, or be budged; eventually it does something analogous to putrefying (albeit willfully); like the great white whale, the spire serves symbolically as a volatile compound of good and evil; and Jocelin, the book's damned hero, is very much an Ahab of the sky in his hubris-

The Spire
by William Golding
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $3.95)

tic obsessiveness. Both a happier and a guiltier man than Ahab, he nevertheless must have his way every bit as much as Ahab must have his; and in both cases, the result is disaster.

But where *Moby Dick* yields its meaning largely from the level of its story, its symbolism reflected as naturally as sunlight off water, *The Spire* is fruitlessly rooted in symbolism, and gives way to hallucination falling far short of the intended tragedy.

Jocelin (from Justin: "justice"—and there is none, either for the man or in him), Dean of a cathedral in medieval England, wishes to have a four-hundred-foot spire erected atop his church. Jocelin's master builder, Roger Mason, (the name Roger means "spearsman") knows, and virtually proves, that the building won't support the weight of four hundred feet of stone, steel and wood. But the Dean cajoles and insists, and he would finally blackmail Roger if this were necessary to keep the builder and his army of men (one of whom falls to his death on the job) at work. (Blackmail, because Roger, himself married, has made Goody Pangall pregnant—she is the wife of a lame and impotent church servant; Pangall has run away, and his wife dies in childbirth.)

When the spire is finally completed, Jocelin ascends it one night, during a terrible storm, to drive into it a Holy Nail from Rome. And ". . . Satan in the likeness of a cosmic wildcat leapt off all four feet on the northeast horizon and came screaming down at Jocelin and his folly." The spire's completion marks the beginning of Jocelin's own knowledge of his end. From here on, he becomes increasingly bedeviled by the guilt he has accumulated over his fanaticism and its consequences to the church, its inhabitants, and himself: the sound of the pillars "singing" under the spire's weight; Pangall's disappearance, his wife's adultery and death; the danger to the workers; the danger to the churchgoers, many of whom have stopped attending services; the loss of revenue to the sacrist from the sale of candles; and his own inexplicit sexual torments, evidently (if unconvincingly) intensified by the spire's erection. Not long after the night of the storm, he is made to see for himself how porous is the substance of the church's pillars, and, with this demonstration, he falls into a fit which, without even the physical basis of Luther's constipation, has far more violent physical effects.

Now *The Spire's* hallucinatory quality flourishes, along with Jocelin's, its chaos keeping pace with the Dean's insanity, until what happens before the reader's eyes is, more crucially than before, left to the mercy of his own

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increasingly hallucinated imagination. To some degree, the technique of bringing the reader this far into Jocelin's mind must be said to work; but insofar as it succeeds it inevitably helps to make a successful grasping of the book's meaning that much more difficult. One asks: is Jocelin actually a homosexual, or is he, as a priest, simply tormented by sex altogether? What is it that happens to him *whenever* his "dark angel" "strikes" him? What is it that happens to him late in the book when Father Adam, his confessor, stands over his sickbed *and* his dark angel strikes him? Is whatever torments Jocelin finally a human problem, or Jocelin's problem particularly? Because we remain uncertain as to whether sex exists actively in his behavior, and, if it does, what kind it is, and so then what its kind may mean, we are left with a human figure as sexually meaningless as any "dark angel." If we are to know what manner of man Golding thinks man is, it would help to know what manner of man Jocelin is. Roger, the spearsman, poses no problem to interpretation or to himself. He is heterosexual, destructive, and guiltless; Jocelin is evidently destructive to himself sexually, and to others otherwise, and guilty for everything. It might be argued that this is enough to know, that Golding means to say, through Roger and Jocelin combined, that sexual man is destructive and guiltless or destructive and guilty. But then surely Golding has stacked his cards, and to no avail.

Jocelin the fictional "character" as much as Jocelin himself, and as much as the reader, bears the strain of the spire. The intensely peculiar form of his obsession fails to support an understanding – admiring, contemptuous, rueful – of his ambition on our part. Few of us are whale-boat captains, either, but we can imagine what it might be like to be Ahab. However, the Dean's fanatical insistence on his four-hundred-foot spire cannot be justified by our faith simply on account of his. We are too likely to share instead the builder's faithless reluctance to build. A perfect *symbolic* expression of extreme hubris, the spire is too good a symbol to be true. Even if Golding means Jocelin's ambition to be foolish as much as faith-inspired, he yet does not seem to me to have found an effective agent to convey his meaning. For there can be nothing importantly foolish or pathetic, finally, in what is patently foolish or pathetic to begin with; there can be no large, ironic punishment in the spire's anticipated toppling. Jocelin's joyous vision of possibility made actual through faith may be conceivably real and still be too impossibly peculiar for fictional reality. Ahab's vision is perhaps as peculiar. But, based on revenge, on the blunt, hell-directed spire of his wooden leg, it is accessible, vivid, and implacably meaningful.

For all the physical palpability Golding can create, *The Spire* lacks the atmosphere of human behavior. Despite the impressive suggestion of the cathedral's interior – stony, vast, chill – and despite the subtlety of both physical and human observation that occurs throughout the book; despite, also, the book's evident basis in the actual fact of the actual spire on Salisbury Cathedral, *The Spire* is without that compulsion, physical or credibly personal, that gives imperative vitality to fictional humanity. In *Lord of the Flies*, or in *Pincher Martin*, Golding establishes a physical context with which human action compellingly interplays. It is as

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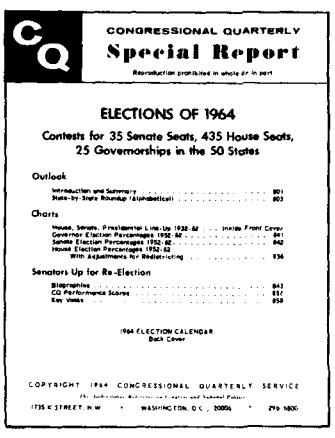
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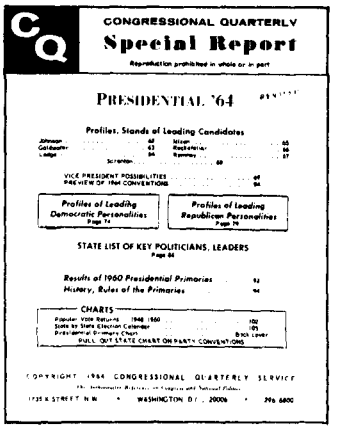
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if *The Spire* gave us pure faith alone for a context.

Frank Kermode, in a commanding and highly favorable review of *The Spire*, describes it as "... a book about vision and its cost," having "to do with the motives of art and prayer, the phallus turned spire; with the deceit, as painful to man as to God, involved in structures which are human but have to be divine. . . ." All this is suggestively true about *The Spire*. But the novel does not succeed, dramatically – as a novel. For what may be true *about* it, never becomes persuasively true *of* it, except to its own disadvantage.

Challenge from Birmingham

by Jack E. Patterson

In his anguished "Letter from Birmingham City Jail" Martin Luther King wrote:

> "I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negroes' great stumbling block in the stride toward freedom is not the White Citizens' 'Counciler' or the Ku Klux Klanner, but the white moderate who is more devoted to 'order' than justice . . . who constantly advises the Negro to wait until a 'more convient season'."

Now, out of the crucible of Birmingham comes another challenge to the middle-class conscience, this one from Charles Morgan, Jr., the white lawyer who struck his city's invincible self-esteem a painful, but only briefly-felt, blow last September 16, the day after four Negro girls were blown up while attending services in a church.

A Time to Speak
by Charles Morgan, Jr.
(Harper and Row; $3.95)

Speaking to the Young Men's Business Club, Morgan threw the guilt for that dreadful Sunday at the feet of Birmingham's respectable society: "Birmingham is not a dying city. It is dead," he said.

Against the cliché regrets of other Birmingham spokesmen – "the vile perpetrators of this dastardly deed" etc. – news media found Morgan's outburst about the only expression of meaningful concern and gave it wide circulation. In Birmingham, though, it called down upon its author even more public frustration and rage. He judged his "usefulness" or what was left of it, together with his ability to earn a living, permanently impaired, packed up his family and left. Since then, he has written this book to explain, in a broad sense, why after 18 years he washed his hands of Birmingham and why, as he departed, the city muttered "good riddance."

Out-of-town reporters covering Birmingham's agonies – the bombings, fire hoses and dogs – found Morgan's small office a useful listening post, a wailing wall, and a link with values and attitudes they understood. Over paper cups of coffee, they could listen to his generally ironic, sometimes bitter, assessments, sort out impressions and hear something besides the endless attacks on the Kennedys, the Supreme Court, outside agitators (one word, Morgan says), "niggers" and Communists, the whole grand alliance the city blamed for its troubles.

By the time the church bomb went off, Morgan's habit of taking on unpopular civil rights cases and his pungent criticism, often expressed in fashionable places like "The Club" atop Red Mountain, had shut important doors in Birmingham to him. During last May's massive demonstrations, another young lawyer, with influential connections, drew me aside to explain that Morgan didn't speak for responsible thinking in Birmingham. His group of young businessmen, he told me, were equally concerned and were making efforts to help. These efforts, it turned out, consisted of rallying support for a statement supporting certain Negro demands. Later, this lawyer admitted, somewhat shamefacedly, that the statement failed to muster support in the right places – "They feel now isn't the right time."

Morgan has been gone from Birmingham for six months or so and responsible men like this sincere young lawyer remain. It still isn't the right time, the "more convenient season." A biracial committee, appointed by the Mayor, meets and talks but the Mayor takes no action. Negro grievances – more, better jobs, some Negro policemen – haven't been remedied. Clear signs from the Negro movement suggest that as Morgan's book finds its way into readers' hands, Birmingham may again burst into the headlines.

What can move people like the sincere young lawyer mentioned above? This, in effect, is what Morgan's book is about. The question reaches beyond Birmingham. The respected Southern Regional Council has just warned that during the next six months, "every indication points to protest activity of an extent and intensity without precedent, not only in the South but in the North as well."

Morgan doesn't have the answer; he can only shed some light on a dismal history. Birmingham's sickness has been traced to many sources, its brutal beginnings as a mining town, labor violence, vicious racism untempered by even the traditional Southern paternalism. Some Southern towns made the painful choice to move toward sanity, toward acceptance of court orders and national policy. In Birmingham, realistic choice gave way to the fantasy of

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—Availability of an invaluable book for students of printing history.

—The billingsgate (plus high praise) that greeted publication in Ecuador in 1964 of "The Villagers."

—Mrs. JFK, who, writes Murray Kempton, used to convey at a campaign meeting the effect of a Florentine madonna dropped into a Jack Levine painting.

—A. J. Liebling's observation that "the country's present supply of foreign news depends largely on how best a number of drygoods merchants in New York think they can sell underwear."

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—Mangrove Town, where the action is.

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—"I have assumed that the slaves were merely ordinary human beings, that innately Negroes are, after all, only white men with black skins, nothing more, nothing less."

—Go West, investor, go West.

—"There are too many Americans!"

—"After the Fall," which might not have been published and produced if it had not been written by Arthur Miller.

—Woodrow Wilson, who created segregation in the public buildings of Washington, D. C.

—A world with 150,000,000,000 people by 3964.

—A life devoted to racial equality, Mary Bethune.

—The college girl: "She's a jolly good fellow."

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—Was it Southampton? Was it Pembroke?

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—The similarity in Dr. Strangelove and Terry Southern's "Candy."

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defiance, cut off from outside currents and hostile criticism from inside. As Morgan points out, Birmingham's newspapers rigorously edited out unfriendly comment, and TV stations cancelled even non-political programs with Negro entertainers.

Morgan, though, was inside and for years hoped to play a role in leading Birmingham to sanity. Though still young, he had once been regarded, at least in some circles, as a "comer." He did the right things, rejected an Eastern school in favor of the state university, dabbled in campus politics, studied law and mixed with politicians like the former Governor, "Big Jim" Folsom, and the lieutenant who later turned against him, George Wallace.

After suffering many months of delay to give Birmingham leaders a chance to act, Negroes last year deliberately chose the city for a major test of strength. City fathers in towns all through the Upper South declared, "We don't want a Birmingham here" and desegregated many areas of their communities. The Kennedy Administration finally sent a civil rights bill to Congress and the summer concluded on the high note of the March on Washington. The unspeakable bombing in September intensified Birmingham's symbolic value. Morgan blames the white-collar class – professional men and especially the business executives – for failing to lead. He points to several past occasions – the Autherine Lucy riots in 1956, the failure of Birmingham's white-collar suburbs to join the city in 1959 – where responsible citizens turned away from decision. Even today, junior executives are waiting for senior executives to go first, senior executives say it is the politicians' problem and George Wallace says for everybody to hold on, the country is really with Alabama.

Meanwhile, the issue is being joined not just between desperate Negroes and determined policemen in the streets of Birmingham. Comfortable middle-class people are being more rudely prodded. Wallace has found in Wisconsin that lots of people don't like it. Civil rights workers, who know what to expect from the committed segregationists, are worried about the spread and depth of this white disaffection.

These are the people Negroes must reach. Morgan's book asks only: When will they speak? After pressure, boycotts, demonstrations, bombings, riots – what can touch them? Will our society, like Birmingham, have only the Negroes to reverse Yeats' terrible and prophetic vision: "The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity"?

ART

The Pope Strikes Back

Pope Paul has been getting a good bit of adverse criticism over letting his statue, the Michelangelo *Pietà*, travel to the New York World's Fair. The feeling has been in the first place that it doesn't really belong to him but to all the people and in the second place that the people are too dumb to appreciate it and that therefore it ought to remain in St. Peter's in trust for the international *Kunsthistorischesbund* of art consultants. Even a pope has limits to his patience and predictably enough Paul VI the other day opened a counter-attack on contemporary art. He gathered 250 Italian artists into the Sistine Chapel and invited them to take a look at what an artist could do when he had the guidance of Holy Mother Church. He deplored the abandonment of the Church by artists since the Renaissance and told his audience, "In abandoning the Church somewhat, you have gone rather far to another source. It is difficult to understand what you are trying to say. You don't understand the language you are using and it becomes the language of Babel."

Pope Paul is certainly not the first eminent ecclesiastic to tie into modern art on the grounds that he doesn't understand it and therefore nobody else does either, but there are a few unusual points worth noting. For one thing, nobody else has the Sistine Chapel as a setting for such an attack. When Presidents Truman and Eisenhower did this turn, the nearest piece of presumably approved art was the equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson just across the street, and while that rearing steed and doffed hat have much to recommend them, the effect just isn't the same. For another, students of Vaticanology will note the return of the translator who used to do such syntactical wonders for Pius XII, the concept of a "somewhat abandonment" being right in the old tradition that looked gone forever with Pope John. That abandonment has indeed turned out to be somewhat. One the other hand again, the true Vaticanologist will measure the whole performance against the almost simultaneous installation of a set of bronze doors in St. Peter's done by Giacomo Manzu. To be sure, Manzu is no junk peddler in sculpture, but he's a far cry from the church art hacks usually preferred by churchmen who denounce aesthetic sins.

But the real beauty of this example of

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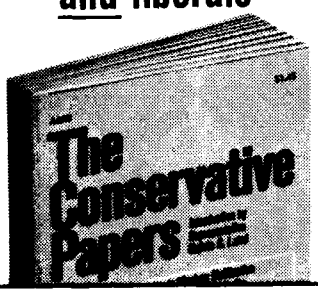

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what we may call *papa* art lies in the free and easy handling of the history painted on the ceiling and the wall. If you really want to talk about the effects of working for Holy Mother Church upon artists and their art and do so in the Sistine Chapel, the first obvious thing to say is, knock yourself out and paint a great wall for old *mater ecclesia*, make one of the great monuments of civilization, and as soon as she can the Church will hire one of your own students to scamper about the scaffolding and paint voluminous trousers over all your nudes.

It is a credit to the skill of Volterra that his added draperies satisfy ecclesiastical anti-sex leaguers and at the same time obscure very little of what his master was up to on the wall. As for the ceiling itself, such an allocution in the Chapel might well note that Pope Julius hired Michelangelo not to paint what all mankind has ever since called the Sistine Ceiling, but only the figures of the twelve apostles and some gold stars twinkling through a blue sky. *Ecclesia* would have been very well satisfied with much less than Michelangelo did.

The somewhat abandonment, in fact, can be seen as taking place in two stages right in that room, one when Michelangelo so far outdistanced even the vigorous mind of Julius in discerning what might be done with that odd space overhead, and the second when the Church, decades later, hired Volterra to correct Michelangelo's lack of sensitivity to considerations of decency. And it is not even somewhat clear that the abandonment was solely or even mainly that of the Church by the artists. The record suggests it was the other way around.

Even while it was taking place, everyone knew that Renaissance art was something completely different from what had gone before, not only in its own being but very clearly in its social position. That art reached its highest fulfillment under the active and interested patronage of the Church; Julius, much more important as a field commander and statesman than as a spiritual leader, attempted to use art both in the old way of simple Biblical illustration and in the new Renaissance patronage way of personal glorification. Michelangelo, following and completing a tradition as old as Giotto, was content with neither of these, but functioned, in his art, as a new source of revelation, immersing himself completely in the scriptural sources and in introspection and prayer, precisely the combination that produced, or at least attended, all the conventional sources of post-scriptural revelation so long recognized by the Church. Neither the popes nor the Church ever have caught up with this addition to the sources of revelation, but the role of the Church as platform of God's speech to man was actually carried on throughout the Renaissance much more clearly through Church-sponsored art than it was through the sequence of incredible popes and other churchmen fighting over real estate and scared stiff by the rise of an authentic Christian spirituality on the other side of the Alps.

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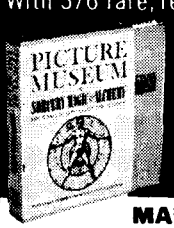

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existence with a strong suspicion of art, one which has lasted until the present, although with diminishing fervor. Down in total depravity country, things took an opposite course. Given the prolonged jitters by the Reformation, the Roman Church became suspicious of everything, including art. The Counter-Reformation had about as much interest in, for example, conflict-of-interest questions as does the Senate today; both minds fail to grasp the existence of a problem. The earlier crowd, far from pulling out of the real-estate and military ventures which were demonstrably responsible for much of their trouble, on the contrary decided that what was needed was tighter control over public expression: a response quite comparable to Senatorial complaints about press interest in Bobby Baker. The Counter-Reformers, who enjoyed more uncurbed power than the Senate, were able to draw up and put into effect a set of rules for painting and sculpting. It was this spirit which set Volterra to painting pants on the people in the Last Judgment, but the deeper effect was to drive artists out of ecclesiastical employment. This, in very brief, is the true history of the somewhat abandonment the Pope so bitterly complains of.

Since the famed pants-painter finished his work, there have been very few moments when any of the Christian churches looked likely to revive their interest in art. The establishment in those churches is almost always resurrectionist, as may be seen in St. Patrick's, St. John the Divine and the National Cathedral in Washington, the idea apparently being that if authentic reproductions of the old-time Gothic are erected, perhaps the old-time Goths will return to power and set up state-supported social security for hierarchs.

The anti-establishment forces, as is most clearly seen in Pope Paul's own branch of Christianity, are confined in their efforts to very special cases: church buildings by Corbusier, or Marcel Breuer, or with decorations by Matisse and the rest of the School of Paris, have not been cathedrals or even parishes, but the chapels of small groups of nuns or monks or for the use of students.

The energy released by the ecumenical movement in general and by the Second Vatican Council in particular may contain hope for art to resume its old service to religion. In some areas eminent ecclesiastics are professing a humility that couldn't have been imagined a decade ago and it is conceivable that this may seep into attitudes toward art. The inside word is that the next Council session will after all apologize to the Jews for having slaughtered so many of them over the centuries. If it can bring itself to do the same to art, the abandonment will be mitigated, somewhat.

FRANK GETLEIN

FILMS

The Fire This Time

The Cool World (Wiseman)
Black Like Me (Continental)

A peculiarity of the Negro Revolution is that, unlike other minority struggles, a good deal of the literature supporting the struggle has been created by members of the majority group. Persecuted religious minorities have had few sympathetic novels written about their plight by members of oppressing groups. The injustice of the homosexual's circumstances are dealt with almost exclusively by homosexuals. But many white American writers over the past century have been concerned with injustice to Negroes. In the novel the range is from Mrs. Stowe to Bucklin Moon and Lillian Smith. In the drama there are such names as Ridgely Torrence, Paul Green, Eugene O'Neill. No medals are sought or deserved for this, no redress of injustice would come about except for the efforts of Negroes themselves (just as labor conditions would never have improved, for all the bleeding hearts, without the efforts of

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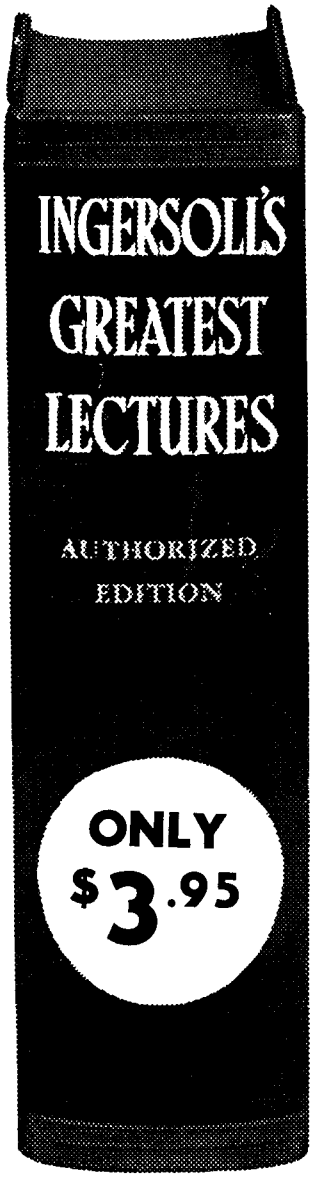

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strikers). Still, this historical anomaly exists and is worth noting in these days of promised blues for every Mr. Charlie.

The anomaly continues – in films, at least. Shirley Clarke (white) has collaborated with Carl Lee (Negro) on a script made from *The Cool World*, a novel by Warren Miller (white), and has directed and edited the film herself. Miss Clarke's first feature, *The Connection*, used material which, on screen as on stage, struck me as sophomoric and spurious, but her direction had skill and intensity. This second film is in some technical aspects less finished, but the intensity has been intensified. The picture takes us as much by fierce fundamental concern as by its art.

This is not to slight its artistic accomplishments. Miss Clarke has made her film in quasi documentary style – what would be called neo-realism if it came from abroad. She is dealing with juvenile delinquents, and all of them are played by non-actors; only the adult roles are played by professionals. Her film was principally made on location, not in studios; and, as she has said, she wanted to make The Street the protagonist. To this end she has interwoven what may be called a visual chorus – a running commentary of sniffing dogs, front-stoop conversations, quickly snatched portraits – that creates the world into and out of which her story moves. This dramatization of the environment by means of the plot, instead of vice versa, is the film's chief and fine achievement.

A 15-year-old boy called Duke is ambitious to buy a "piece" (a gun) from an adult racketeer named Priest, to become president of the gang to which he belongs, and to return them to active "bopping" (gang-fighting) which has declined in Harlem. It is a fairly patent allegory of an attempt by Duke to attain manhood and identity in the only way accessible to him – the anti-social one. It ends with his killing a boy in a rumble and being taken off to jail by the police.

The language occasionally gets lofty. (Duke soliloquizes: "I see Death everywhere.") None of the boys, including the personable Hampton Clanton as Duke, shows much acting ability, and Miss Clarke has not been able to make many of their scenes knit internally and grow. Most sequences are rather rough building-blocks that we accept for the sake of the completed structure. Technically, too, the script must be censured for its sound track, which is sometimes incomprehensible or out of synchronization or wrongly pitched for the plane of distance from the eye, and sometimes sounds like a studio instead of the street. Some of the film's editing is jagged and this can possibly be ascribed to desired effect, but none of the flaws of the sound track can be taken as design.

Still, after these shortcomings and even a few more have been scored, *The Cool World* remains a work of notable power. It tells us nothing new, but the very ruthlessness of its detail, familiar though it is, keeps it from being either tractarian or, even remotely, exploitative of the situation. There is no tedious pretense that we are eavesdropping on life itself (as in *The Connection*), yet it is the impact of the factual that compensates for many of the drama's inadequacies. Beyond such bonuses as Clarence Williams' scary drug addict and the pathetic unconcern of Yolanda Rodriguez' teen-age whore, Miss Clarke has made the central image she was after: Negroes living like animals, caged by white men in a filthy zoo. One of the subtler comments is that occasionally, looking far down Fifth Avenue from the heart of Harlem, we get a glimpse of the towering Empire State.

The film does not bother with initial motivations. When we meet Duke, he is already a young criminal, and it is assumed that we understand the social pressures that have discouraged him from anything else. It is a reasonable assumption; but if one prime element is missed, it is some hint of fundamental kinship with other adolescent rebels. The world is becoming increasingly aware of increasing violence in teen-agers generally. The racial injustice that produces Negro delinquents is only one aspect of the inadequacies in us that are producing all adolescent delinquents.

Black Like Me, another film on the race problem, is a mirror-image of *The Cool World*. It is slickly made, preachy, false. The picture is based on John

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Howard Griffin's account of his own experience in the South when he darkened his skin and lived for a time as a Negro. What this flamboyant trickery taught him – that he couldn't have otherwise learned – is not clear. His repulsively self-dramatizing book is now made into an equivalent film. Carl Lerner, an experienced film editor of deservedly high reputation, makes his directorial debut here, but reveals little judgment of the validity of situation and character, little gift for casting or working with actors. James Whitmore, in the leading role, is as artificially sincere as the script. One of the few interesting moments is provided by Al Freeman, Jr., as a blazing young Negro dissident, a capsule version of the role he is now playing on Broadway in James Baldwin's play.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

RECORDS

Taste and the Times

A London production of Bellini's *Norma* with Ponselle in 1929 provided the occasion for Ernest Newman to take off on one of his pretentious trains of thought about imagined data. The difficulty with Bellini's music for the 20th-Century listener, Newman contended, arose from his inability to hear it with the ears of Bellini's contemporaries. Only if, like Newman, one disciplined oneself to listen with a mind purged of the music written since Bellini's, could one begin to hear in one of his operas "the really vital things in it" – not the "saccharine and flaccid" melodies but the "hundred passing little subtleties in the score" – that "gave it its superior value in the eyes of its contemporaries." But actually, anyone who dismisses Bellini's melodies as saccharine and flaccid is not hearing them with the ears of his contemporaries: it is less certain that these contemporaries appreciated the hundred little subtleties, than that they valued his operas for the melodies. Nor was Newman hearing with the ears of a 20th-Century listener, whose mind requires no preliminary disciplining to appreciate not only the occasional subtleties of Bellini's orchestral writing but the beauty and the expressive poignancy and eloquence of melodic structures like *"Casta diva"* in *Norma*, *"Tutto è sciolto"* and *"Ah, non credea mirarti"* in *La Sonnambula*, *"A te, o cara"* and *"Qui la voce"* in *I Puritani*, and to distinguish these from the routine exercises of his style that are uninteresting, or the cabalettas and the occasional writing in mellifluous thirds and sixths that no disciplining can get the ear of today to hear as anything but ridiculous.

I Puritani, Bellini's last opera, exhibits his developed powers impressively not only in the arias I have mentioned, but in the extraordinarily developed and dramatically meaningful orchestral writing – *e.g.* the details of the passage from Elvira's *"Morte!"* to Arturo's *"Credeasi, misera!"* in the last act – and its elaborate and effective climactic ensembles, of which *"Credeasi, misera!"* initiates one, and Elvira's *"Oh! Vieni al tempio, fedele Arturo"* the even greater one at the end of Act 1. The clear, steady, brilliant high notes that Joan Sutherland attacks squarely and holds securely in the sustained phrases of the climax of this ensemble, on London A-4373 and OSA-1373, are breathtaking; and her singing throughout is some of her best on records; but Callas', in the Angel performance of ten years ago, also is exciting in the ensembles, and is lovelier and more moving in the lyrical writing. Pierre Duval, in the London performance, manages the difficult tenor part with its high D's, but wholly without the attractive voice and the grace of di Stefano in the Angel. For the rest, the London performance has good singing by Capecchi and Flagello, excellent conducting by Bonynge, recorded sound of present-day liveness and spaciousness; the Angel good singing by Panerai and Rossi-Lemeni, good conducting by Serafin, good mono sound; and if I had to choose between them, I think I would in the end choose the Angel.

The performance of Smetana's engagingly melodious operatic comedy, *The Bartered Bride*, conducted effectively by Kempe on Angel 3642 (mono) has excellent singing by Pilar Lorengar, Fritz Wunderlich, Karl-Ernst Mercker and Gottlob Frick, and the RIAS Chamber Chorus, with excellent playing by the Bamberg Symphony.

Stravinsky continues to be an effective conductor of his own works, imparting only slightly less power and tension to the first and last movements of the *Symphony of Psalms* in the new performance with the CBC Symphony and Festival Singers of Toronto on Columbia ML-5948 and MS-6548, than in the old performance on ML-4129; and the slightly lessened power is compensated for by the greater spaciousness and vividness of the recorded sound. The reverse sides have a new performance of the Symphony in C.

After unsatisfactory performances of

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Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn, Leinsdorf, on Victor LM- and LSC-2707, conducts the Boston Symphony in an effective performance of Prokofiev's Symphony No. 5, one of the more engaging of his later works.

The gifted young English conductor Colin Davis, who gave us first-rate performances of Mozart's Symphonies K.425 and 319 a year ago, offers equally good performances of the charming early Symphony K.200 and the superb K.504 *(Prague)* with the English Chamber Orchestra on London OL- and SOL-266. And on Philips 500-036 and 900-036 he conducts the London Symphony in a sensitively molded performance of the poignantly lovely Symphony K.543, which doesn't prepare one for the astonishingly insensitive, inexpressive and graceless rattling off of the impassioned G-minor (K.550) on the reverse sides. The recorded sound from the Philips record has a deficiency of bass – greater in the stereo than in the mono version – that can be remedied somewhat with the bass control, but more adequately by setting the bass-equalization control at "800" on the Marantz mono preamplifier or "tape" on the McIntosh C-20 stereo preamplifier.

Artur Rubinstein continues his Mozart concerto series, on Victor LM- and LSC-2635, with K.466, in which his playing has the steadiness it had in K.467 and 488 a year ago, with an additional life and force in inflection of phrase – not only in the powerful first movement and energetic finale but in the cantilena of the middle movement – that make it his most effective and satisfying so far. And it is heard in a suitable orchestral context provided by Wallenstein with an assembled orchestra. The second sides are filled out by Haydn's remarkable Andante and Variations in F minor.

Mozart's lovely Violin Concerto K.219, on Columbia ML-5957 and MS-6557, has Isaac Stern playing with the right energy and grace in the opening Allegro and a tranquilly sustained lyricism in the Adagio; but the beautiful tone that is reproduced accurately by the recording of the less interesting Concerto K.207 on the reverse sides comes off the record veiled and edged in K.219. Szell provides excellent orchestral contexts with the assembled orchestra.

Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante K.364 for violin and viola, whose diffuse opening movement is followed by a deeply affecting slow movement and an engaging finale, is on London CM-9377 and CS-6377, with David Oistrakh playing the viola part and his son Igor playing the violin part well but not as well as his father would. The playing of the Moscow Philharmonic under Kondrashin is exaggeratedly accented now and then. The second sides are filled out by the less interesting Violin Duo K.423.

And Angel 36153 (mono) offers several engaging works – Vivaldi's Flute Concerto in D *(Bullfinch)*, the Vivaldi-Bach Concerto in A minor for 4 harpsichords, the Oboe Concerto in C minor formerly attributed to Benedetto Marcello, and a movement of the Cello Concerto in A by Leo – in fine-sounding performances by the Virtuosi di Roma and soloists under Fasano's direction.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Correspondence

The US, the USSR, and Cuba

Sirs:

The attempts on the part of the United States to improve relations with the USSR deserve support and, in particular the statement by President Johnson that he will meet the Soviet Union more than half way in the matter of Germany is very encouraging.

In this situation, it is difficult to understand the alarming attitude of the United States toward Cuba. A tolerant policy toward the USSR and the pursuit of good relations with the Soviets can hardly be compatible with so hostile a policy toward Cuba. The only hope for peace lies in the diminution of hostilities in troubled areas of the world. It is hard to see why Cuba should not receive similar consideration.

The flight of American craft over Cuba is in utter violation of Cuban sovereignty and would be unacceptable to any state in the world. The United States possesses missiles on her territory but would not permit Soviet or Cuban aircraft to violate her air space on that account. This sort of action on the part of a large country toward a smaller one must be deplored the world over and the maintenance of an unwanted base at Guantanamo Bay by force is sheer imperialism.

I wish to appeal for the establishment of normal relations with Cuba and for an end to plans for flights over her territory. The blind spot America displays over Cuba threatens to dash the hopes of peace so arduously built.

I am certain that respecting the rights of Cuba is in the vital interests of the United States and is a prerequisite of peace in the world. Such action on the part of America will win her worldwide approval and cannot conceivably be opposed by anyone who wishes an end to the Cold War and the danger of nuclear war.

Bertrand Russell
Merioneth, Wales

Conformity in Architecture

Sirs:

I have read your article on the Huntington Hartford Museum (May 2) and applaud your attitude with admiration.

The insistence upon conformity in architecture and art with what is currently in style has been one of the thorns in my side.

Modern architecture has had general acceptance since the 1930's, a minuscule period compared to the development of Western culture and architecture, and by now I am able to date every building in New York City by decades and even less. This should not be the case with architecture, the most permanent and enduring of the arts. I hold if one adheres to basic fundamental principles the buildings have a chance to endure through the generations and not be burdened by styled clichés and mannerisms considered "au courant."

It is therefore gratifying to me to find that you endorse a "minority report" of what is art and architecture today and instead of deploring Mr. Hartford's courage in registering another point of view it should be applauded as your article indicates to me.

Edward D. Stone
New York, N.Y.

Hands Across the Academy

Sirs:

Murray Kempton and the novelist Kingsley Amis are two independent, skeptical, gregarious writers whose similarities seem to me much more interesting than their differences. So I was bowled over by the astonishing contrast between their respective reports on The Academy. After his 5-day Fellowship at the University of Texas, Mr. Kempton concludes that "The most conspicuous adults – and it should not be a surprise – came from the English department; the poets remain our real legislators." He hopes he has "done no worse than hold the door open for the poets and novelists."

During the academic year of 1961-63,

Notes on Contributors

Alastair Buchan *is director of the Institute for Strategic Studies in London.* Richard P. Brickner, *author of* A Broken Year, *is now completing his second novel.* Jack E. Patterson *is a journalist living in Atlanta.*

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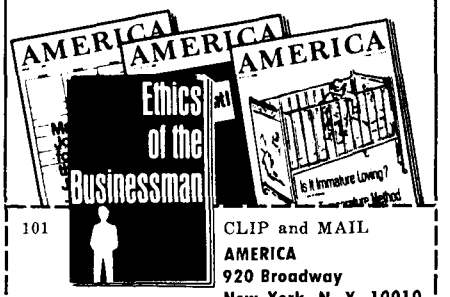

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Mr. Amis held down a Fellowship at Peterhouse at Cambridge (England). His experience with the "poets and novelists" was not happy:

"However, it was conveyed to me repeatedly and authentically that an eminent figure in the English Faculty, on being told that Peterhouse had such-and-such a view of such-and-such a problem, had retorted: "Peterhouse can't expect to be taken seriously about anything now that it's given a Fellowship to a *pornographer*."

"As time went on I found myself increasingly drawn to certain scientists, people who were not going to tell or ask me anything about the English Moralists paper in Part II of the English Tripos and who, with their love of music and interest in contemporary writing, seemed to unite the two cultures, or rather to demonstrate the unity and breadth of the one, in a way hardly possible to the humanities man."

These remarks from his essay, "No More Parades" in *Encounter* (February, 1964) will not strike anyone who knows Amis' work as any less reliable or deeply considered than Kempton's opposite view of the matter.

R. W. Flint
Cambridge, Mass.

All-time Low

Sirs:

Congratulations for calling national attention to what must be considered an all-time low in gubernatorial campaigns, surpassing even Wilbert Lee O'Daniel's hillbilly-band campaigns in Texas for sheer vulgarity and irrelevance. ("Coming Up – Daddy Warbucks for President," April 25).

Here in Florida Fred O. (Bud) Dickinson's comic strip has been dubbed "The Adventures of SuperBud," but nonetheless he has collected a war chest of almost half-a-million dollars, with exactly two weeks to go before the first primary. All of which seems to demonstrate that Florida, as V. O. Key pointed out 15 years ago in *Southern Politics*, is still "every man for himself."

Clifford E. Landers
University of Florida

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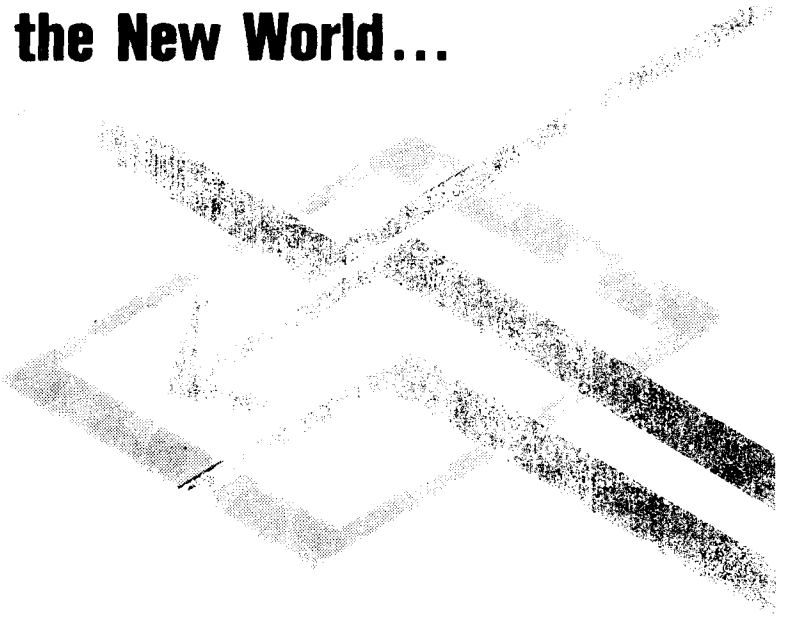

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